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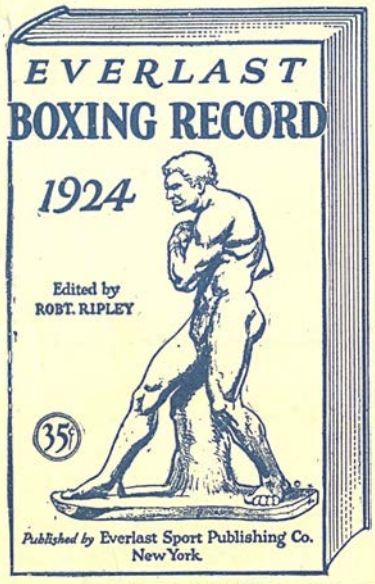

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To the Editor

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Help Publish the Only History of Boxing Tracing the Development of the Sport in America

The Editor and Publisher of The Ring has decided temporarily to discontinue his series of articles on the History of Boxing.

This series, which eventually will be published in book form, has been published monthly in The Ring for two and a quarter years.

With the considerable amount of historic data compiled by the author, aided by Charles F. Mathison, one of the foremost writers of boxing in America, it is estimated that, running one chapter a month, it will be necessary to continue the series for a period of four more years.

Rather than continue on this basis, the author has decided to publish the remaining chapters, which will be confined wholly to American boxing history, in book form, provided this course meets with the approval of our readers.

In addition to the early history of boxing, history which deals wholly with the English period from 1734 to 1850, the author has forty-four chapters dealing solely with American boxing history in each division from flyweight to heavyweight, and forty additional chapters treating with the sidelights of the sports, the humorous part of boxing, the lives of famous fighters, champions and near champions, methods of training and complete records of every famous fighter of the past 150 years. The records are complete to 1924.

It is the intention of the author to give to the public the greatest, most authentic history of boxing ever written, accurate in every minute detail, and to do so, will require the publication of three volumes of about 600 pages each.

The first volume will treat with the Early English History. The second with the American History and the third with the historic sketches of champions and near champions, sidelights of the sports and the records of boxers with the dates of all their battles.

The gathering of data alone for this history has cost the author close to $5,000 and the publication of the books will cost an additional $5,000. It is the intention of the author to publish only a limited edition of this history, have the books illustrated with more than 400 photographs, and to dispose of this history by subscription only.

The three volumes will sell for $6.00 each, but as a special inducement, the author will give the three volumes to the first 100 subscribers for $12.00 for the set. The first volume will be ready for distribution by August 1, the second by December 1 and the third by April, 1925.

The demand for a history of boxing that will treat fully of the development of the sport in America is big.

There is no such book in print and if the author obtains sufficient encouragement from Ring readers in the form of subscriptions, he will publish the history as above outlined—an invaluable sports collection. The collection of the data alone has taken eleven years. Should the author feel that the interest is lacking he will resume the publication of the chapters as heretofore printed beginning with the August issue of The Ring.

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Vol. 3 No. 6

World's Foremost

The RING

Boxing Magazine

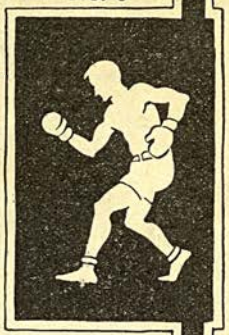

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

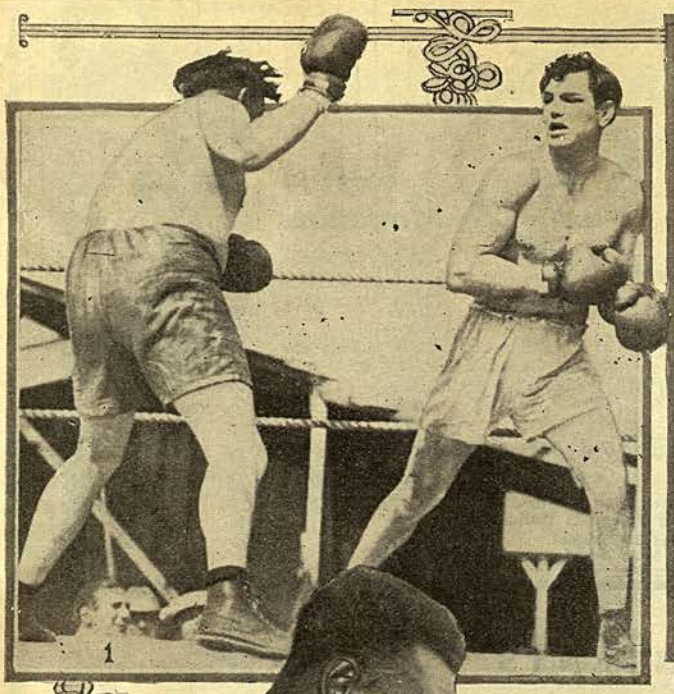
Freak Fights in Modern Ring History—By Charles F. Mathison 5
Reminiscences of a Veteran Sportsman—By Al Spink 6
The Five Ages of Fighting—By Jack Kofoed 10
To Lord Lonsdale—By William F. Kirk 11
The Forgotten Champ—By Will Lawler 11
Footlights and Footwork—By James K. McGuinness 12
My Hardest Fight—By Gene Tunney 13
Down Queer Alley in Ringland—A Cartoon—By Ed Hughes 17
Sid Terris, Future Lightweight King—By Francis Albertanti 18
Luis Ain't Gonna Fight No More—By Jay J. Thomas 19
As We See It—Editorial Comment—By Nat Fleischer 21
Mike Glover—By George Brothers 23
Results of Boxing Bouts 24
Minute Rests Between Rounds—By Eddie Borden 27

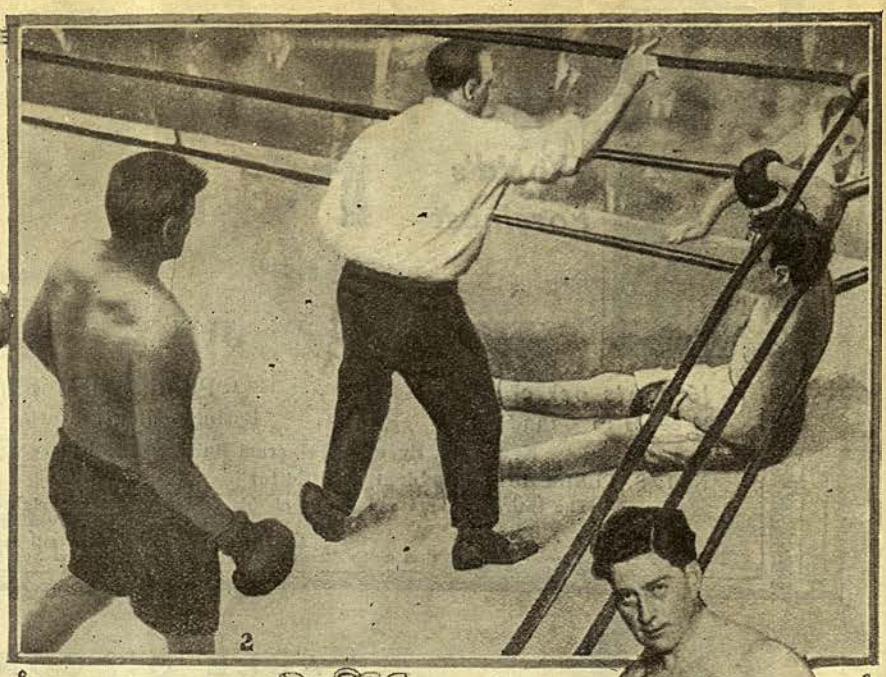
Men Who Helped McGovern Train For Young Corbett

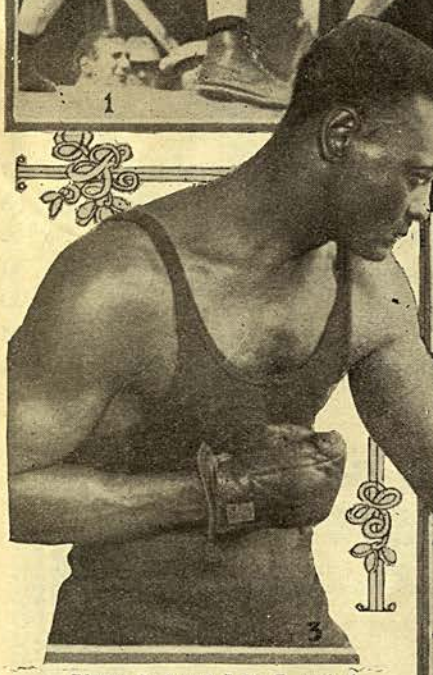
Photo Copyrighted by The Ring

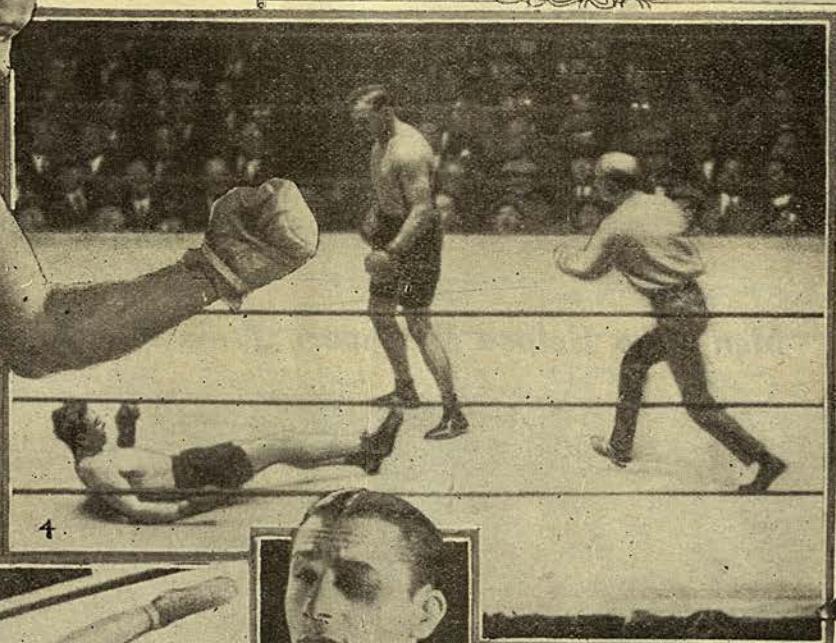
Resting after dinner at Terry McGovern's training quarters at Croll's Gardens. Left to right: Joe Humphries, Terry McGovern, Charley Mayhood, Eddie Cain and Kid Carter.

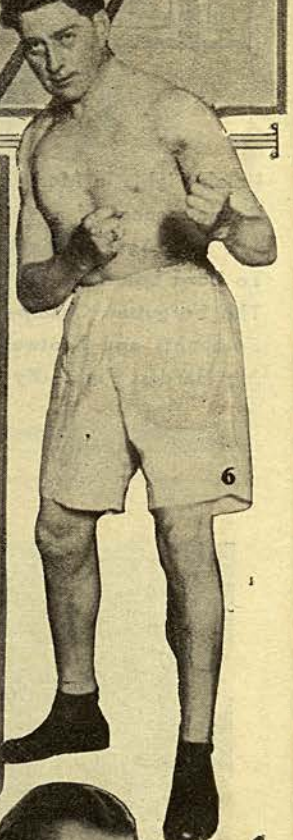
Snapped by the Camera Man in a Tour of the World











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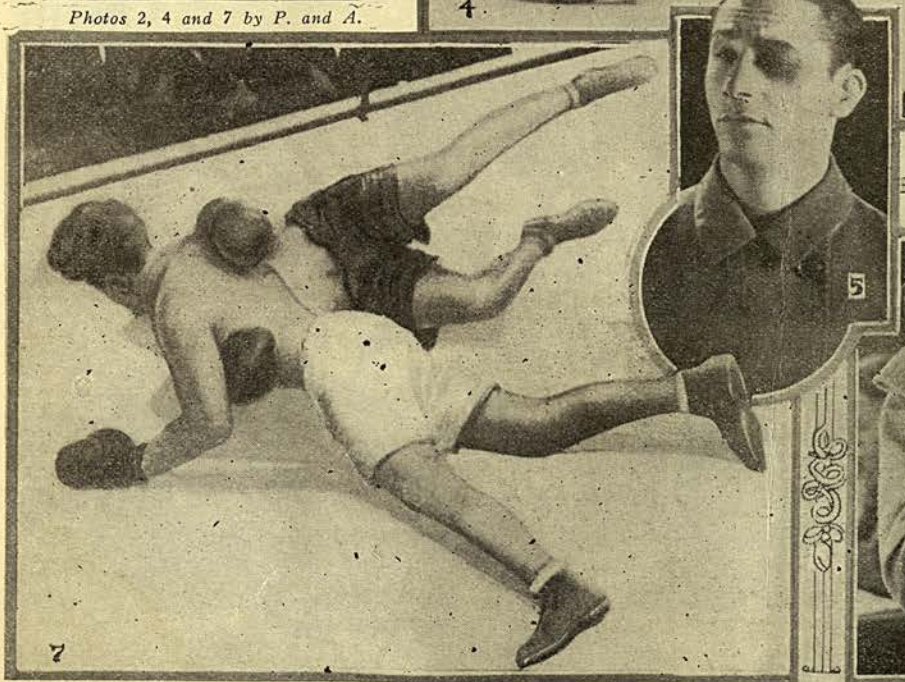


1—*Jack Dempsey making hay while the sun shines. Here shown completing the film, "Fighting." Ed. Kennedy is his sparring partner.*

2—*Erminio Spalla, Italian champion, knocked out by Luis Firpo in fourteenth round.*

3—*Harry Wills, who failed to knockout Bartley Madden in Queensboro A. C. bout, although he severely punished Madden.*

4—*Quentin Romero Rojas came all the way from Chili to be knocked out by Floyd Johnston in seven rounds.*

5—*Benny Leonard and his first shiner as seen in the movies. Isn't it awful, Mabel?*

6—*Floyd Glatzbach, Mme. Matzenauer's former husband, who has entered the ranks of "heavy contenders." Fighting as Frank Howland, he scored two knockouts in one week, each in two seconds of the first round.*

7—*One thing about Spalla, he didn't fear Firpo. Here are both men sprawled on the floor.*

8—*How'd you feel if you had your best gal next to you and you possessed a beautiful shiner? That's what Benny Leonard is up against in this photo, part of the film, "Flying Fists."*

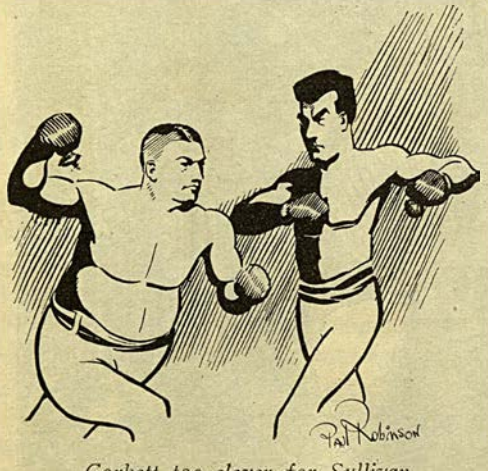
Freak Fights in Modern Ring History

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

IT is the unusual that interests the human species. The ordinary events of daily life pass unnoticed, but when something uncommon takes place, all eyes are turned in that direction. This is particularly true of sports. When Babe Ruth hits a homer, it is applauded as an expected occurrence. But when Babe Ruth strikes out with three on bases, it is the cause of nine days' wonderment on the part of the baseball element.

So also when Dempsey eliminates Brennan, Carpentier or other ring aspirants, that is exactly what Dempsey is expected to do. But when Dempsey is catapulted out of the ring by the ponderous right first of Luis Firpo, the patrons of pugilism get an entirely unexpected thrill, which is not lessened by the subsequent defeat of the Argentinian.

It is questionable if a challenger for the heavyweight championship ever performed more spectacularly than James J. Corbett, the day before he started for New Orleans to wrest the title from John L. Sullivan. Corbett trained at Asbury Park, and as secrecy was a feature of the training methods of those days, little was known of the youthful title hunter except that he was preparing. The practice of modern boxers training in public and charging an admission fee, had



Corbett too clever for Sullivan.

not been thought of, and in addition it was deemed advisable to train a boxer in some secluded spot as far as possible from the centres of population.

Sullivan did his work at Shinnecock Hills, on the eastern end of Long Island, and even that inaccessible spot did not prevent the champion from combining pleasure with ring business.

So far as Corbett was concerned, all his thoughts were centered on getting possession of Sullivan's title, and no man ever worked more diligently. He was 26 years of age, in the full vigor of young manhood and the six weeks of severe training transformed him into an athlete of wonderful strength and speed. The only heavyweight whose condition could be compared to that of Corbett when he captured the title, was Dempsey at Toledo, when he defeated Willard. Despite his superb condition and the fact that he had baffled for 61 rounds the great Peter Jackson (feared by Sullivan), the odds against Corbett were 4 and 5 to 1.

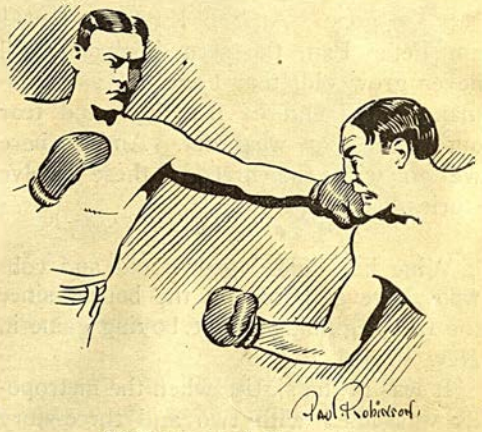
This nettled the youngster, who decided to give the New York public a chance to see what his condition was in advance of the battle. For this purpose, Madison Square Garden was engaged for a day, and the Californian went through his paces in the presence of a small and hostile crowd. With the exception of brief intervals for rest, Corbett worked like a Trojan from noon till sunset of that September day in 1892. He boxed with half a dozen pugilists, punched the ball and the heavy bag, used the pulleys and the wrist strengthening machine, wrestled with competent grapplers, and closed his day's work by running a mile on the Garden track, sprinting the final 100 yards in twelve seconds. On going to his dressing room he was breathing easily and was not at all distressed by his exertions.

Following Corbett's example, Sullivan also appeared in public, but his work was mild compared to Corbett's. The champion entered the ring of the Clermont Avenue Rink (now the Rink, S. C.), and sparred a few rounds with his helpers. Sullivan was paunchy and obviously not in good condition. Yet the adherents of Sullivan, having seen the condition of the champion and his challenger, raised the odds against Corbett to 6 to 1.

The partisans of the Boston Strong Boy have never recovered from the shock due to the overwhelming defeat of their favorite by the lithe, scientific Corbett. It was the first victory of mind over force in pugilism, and it created a profound sensation.

Hardly less stunning was the totally unexpected fall of Terry McGovern at the hands of Young Corbett (William Rothwell) of Denver, at Hartford in 1910. McGovern in the featherweight class was quite as popular and regarded as unbeatable as Sullivan in the heavyweight division. McGovern, up to time of his dethronement by Corbett, had played ducks and drakes with the featherweights and seemed invincible.

Unlike Sullivan, McGovern was in good condition when he lost his crown, and it was not clever boxing that beat the South Brooklyn boxer.



McGovern met his master.

In Young Corbett, McGovern met a straight, accurate and heavy hitter, who was not afraid of the champion. Corbett coolly met McGovern's rushes with sharp counters that brought the title holder down for the count of ten and plunged South Brooklyn into a condition of deepest gloom.

Many other brilliant ring reputations have been blasted, but it is questionable if any upsets were felt so severely as those of Sullivan and McGovern.

Ring battles that have been staged under remarkable conditions and contests that have ended in a surprising manner have also tended to pique public interest. Tommy Ryan, who began his career in pugilism as a featherweight and retired as a middleweight, fought two battles under strange conditions. The authorities were not partial to pugilistic contests in the eighties, and Ryan, whose headquarters was in Detroit, was compelled to exercise caution in the selection of a battle ground.

Ryan and a boxer named Mike Dunn matched in 1889, and the most important question at issue was the discovery of a spot where the fighters could meet and be free from the annoying attentions of the sheriff. The managers finally rented a building outside the city limits and set a date for the contest. The structure was used for

(*Continued on page* 20)

Reminiscences of a Veteran Sportsman

By AL SPINK

Dean of American Sports Writers

THE RING has asked me to write twelve stories "Of the Ring," a great, big job for an old man who has passed the three score and ten allotted to man and who should be in better business than writing of the old and new boxers.

My eldest son has called me Peter Pan, the boy who will never grow up and who will remain youthful when all the rest are gone. And so I take it that I am Peter Pan, the second, that I will never grow old, that I will be a sportsman to the end of my days and tear out rather than wear out. And so here we go with the first of these twelve stories.

* * *

Wine has indeed grown old and cobwebs have gathered on the bottles since the real beginning of the boxing game in New York.

It was in the sixties when the metropolis was filled with two and three-story buildings and when the natives marveled at the stories of the man who was coming to town to build a six-floor structure with the front of marble and the sides and back of brick that the boxing game really came to earth in this country.

That was the time when the Sun Building was only two stories high and when there was a sign up on the front which read: "The Only Restaurant Under the Sun." Here in the basement of the Sun Building for a dime you got an excellent cup of Java and two very large and satisfying sinkers.

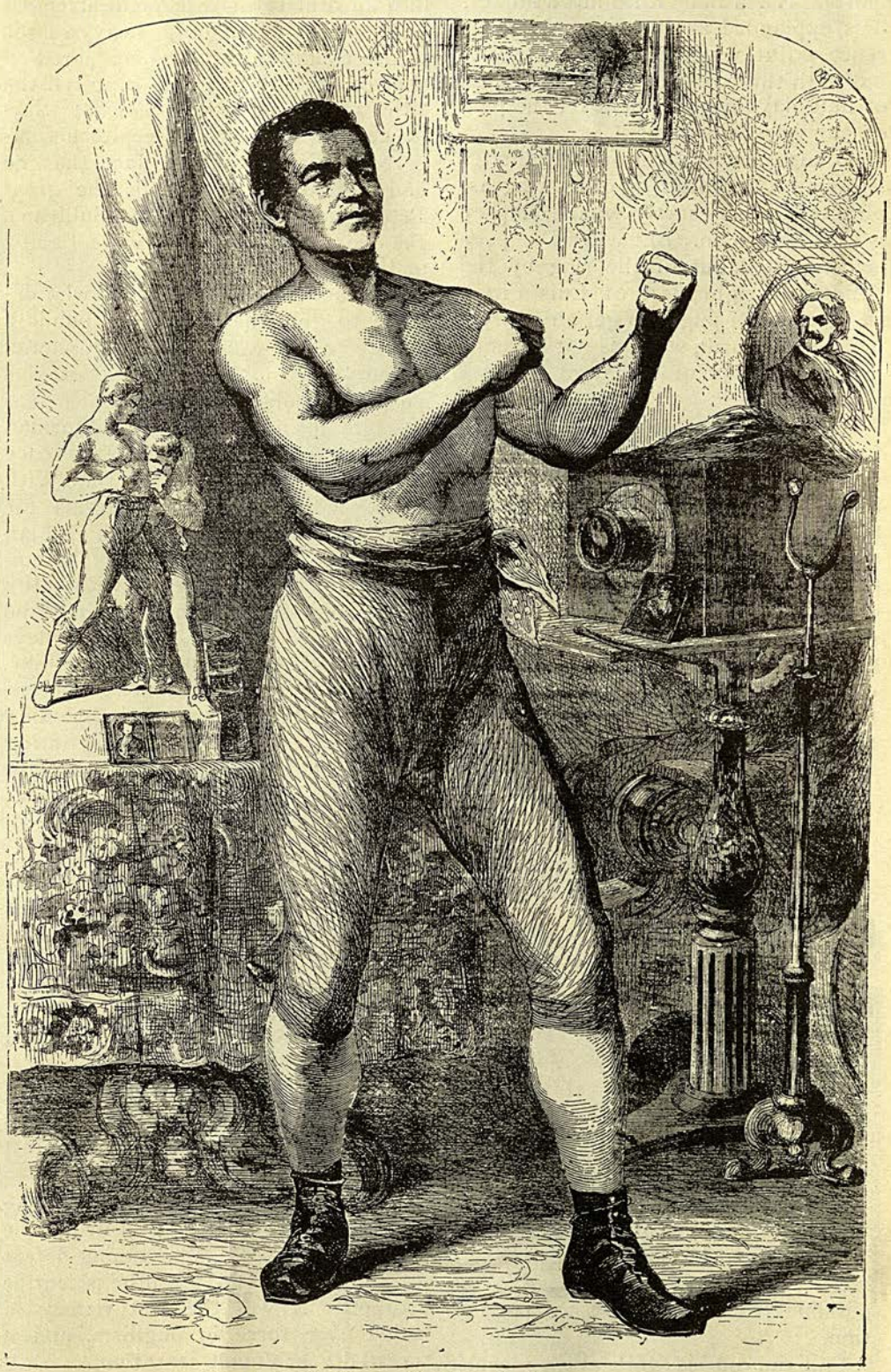
On the steam coils under the Sun too in that olden time I slept with other newsboys, slept there until Dana of the Sun started the first newsboys' home and gave us clean beds to sleep on.

It was in the basement of the old Sun that I learned to box as Heenan, Coburn, Mace, Sayers and the great boxers of that early day were boxing, boxing in the old way with the left hand and the left foot extended, the right hand ready to follow, the style that Corbett, Dempsey and all the other great boxers have followed since and all because they could find no better.

It was down there too that I learned to wrestle, the catch as catch can, the Graeco-Roman, the Lancashire and the collar and elbow.

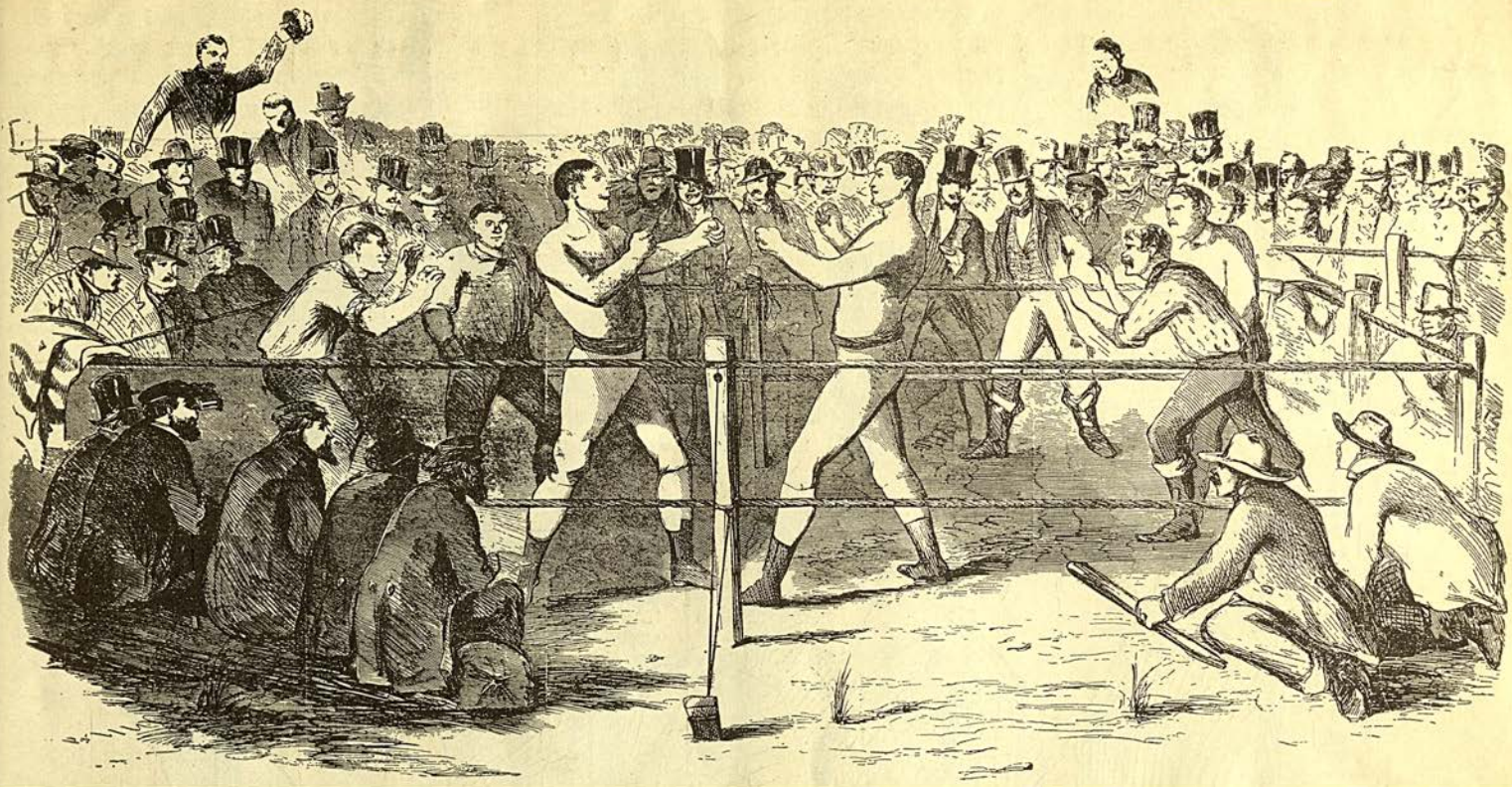
Those were the days when Horace Greeley, the editor of the Tribune, came out of his den nightly, often to greet the first James Gordon Bennett, the owner of the Herald; John C. Reid, the editor of the Times, and old man Dana.

Great men were Dana, Greeley, Bennett and Reid and all with sporting blood in their veins. It was with Dana with his great heart that set in motion the building of the first home for the newsboys of New York and who often watched the laddies box and wrestle and who admired and pitied them. It was down there too that we newsboys were taught how to put on the hammer lock, a thing adopted long after by the Japanese and called today "Jiu-jitsu," and how to give and take and guard and parry.



John C. Heenan, the Benecia Boy.

It was the original James Gordon Bennett who was the first to challenge Eng-



The Great Prize-Fight Between Morrissey and the Benicia Boy at Long Point, Canada West—The Commencement of the Fight.

land's long vaunted superiority in sport and it was George Steer, backed by Bennett, who sent the American yacht America to England to contest for yachting honors and in a course that extended around the Isle of Wight she defeated the best fifteen yachts England could muster. Small wonder then that ten years later Bennett was interested in another line of sport, a line this time that was to determine the fighting quality of the American and the English.

* * *

My prize fighting began with the opening of that first newsboys' home in New York.

It came when Connors, the superintendent of the new lodging house and his assistant, old boy Griff, on the very first night set out to throw an unruly newsboy down the front stairway. Myself and others objected to such strenuous measures and then Connors and old boy Griff turned on our little company.

But for the lessons I had learned in boxing and wrestling in the Sun's cellar that would have been an end to the newsboy trust. With the hammer lock which I brought to bear on Connors and the assistance of my pigmy comrades the battle was won and the Waterloo of the lodging house barons came quickly and was never forgotten.

* * *

It was at this very time that the fighting blood of the American nation was aroused as it had never been aroused before.

The newsboys of New York were loaded to the guards with the fight fever. They shadow danced, they called each other champions of America, champions of England, Ireland and everywhere else and every mother's son of them stood ready to fight at the drop of the hat and they guarded their respective territories with the ardor and skill of veterans.

When other boys came over on the ferry to break into the newsboy trust on the New York side they were called "Brooklyn squashes" and made to go back home without peddling a paper. Some times they carried black eyes and bruised faces back with them.

Now Bennett, Dana, Greeley and Reid, the great editors, were talking fight and writing editorials on pugilism.

The American fighting blood had been aroused at the stories that were coming from England of the first great international battle, that between Tom Sayers, the wonderful little champion of England, who had beaten the best of his countrymen in awful battles with his bare hands, and John C. Heenan, called "The Benecia Boy," born and bred in America.

The "Benecia Boy," the name given Heenan by his followers, was really a misnomer. He was born in West Troy, New York, on May 2, 1835, so that he was in his twenty-fifth year when he met Sayres in this fight for the world's heavyweight championship. In his youthful days Heenan had strayed to California and he trained for fights out there on the hills surrounding Benecia Bay and it was while going from there to fight battles in and near San Francisco that he became known as the Benecia Boy.

* * *

Heenan had just attained his majority when he first arrived in New York about 1850.

There was a pugilistic feud on then in which Bill Poole, Yankee Sullivan, John Morrissey and other great fighters were involved.

Poole was killed before the feud ended but Morrissey and Heenan lived to fight a battle for the world's heavyweight championship, a battle that lasted only eleven rounds and which Morrissey won.

But in this 1860 year Heenan was looked on as a greater fighter than Morrissey because of his losing by an accident which happened, when in a blow aimed at Morrissey's head, the latter ducked and Heenan, landing with his bare fist on a post, broke his right hand so badly he was unable to go on fighting.

When it came near Heenan's time to meet Sayres, climbing the hills of California and breathing the fine air there counted and the Benecia Boy before crossing the ocean to meet the English champion looked great and powerful, so great indeed that at this particular time no man left of New York's fighting colony cared to stand before him; and so he must cross the bonnie blue seas to meet a worthy rival.

* * *

The British laughed at Heenan's coming and told how Sayers would cut him into ribbons.

Sketches of Distinguished and "Fancy" Characters Attending the Heenan-Morrissey Fight.

No nation, they said, could produce fighters to compare with the English. It was the English boxers who turned the tide at Waterloo and there could be no great boxers without the English roast beef, the English blood, the English staying quality and natural courage.

Tom Sayers, their idol at this time, was born at Pimlico, near Brighton, England, May 25, 1828. He weighed only 152 pounds to Heenan's 190. When he met Heenan he was in his thirty-second year and he was looked on as something of a veteran for he had, even at his low weight, beaten all the best men in England. Having done this he would, said the Britishers, easily dispose of the American champion.

* * *

These prophesies made the American blood boil. The question of American manhood, nerve, strength and staying quality was being questioned by the editors and people of the other side and the great American editors shot back. Their Benecia Boy, they promised, would show the British just what American blood and brawn and staying quality were.

Fight, fight, that was all that was talked of as the 17th of April, 1860, drew near and passed. That was the day set for the coming together of Sayers of England and Heenan of America in a battle that was not only to decide the championship of the world but that was to decide the burning question of real British and American manhood.

With the 17th of April interest in the international battle fought that day in England increased and nothing else was talked of in New York.

From the battery to the Putnam County House and from the Putnam to Harlem and back again and then from river bank to river bank all hands talked fight.

On the Broadway buses then rattling over the cobble stones and above the din you could hear them shouting:

"What's the news from England?"

In the dance halls and the variety theaters songs were sung of the approaching battle.

At Harry Hill's, then at 26 East Houston Street, as well as Owney Geoghegan's, the colors of the English and the American fighter adorned the walls. They were both of pure white silk and painted on them were splendid portraits of the rivals in ring costume, the Sayers colors carrying the Union Jack and the British Ensign in opposite corners and the Heenan, the stars and stripes in two corners and an American eagle in each of the other two.

At Hill's, the fight spirit had even entered the hearts of many women and a woman's pugilistic club had been established there and in it many of the weaker sex put on the mittens and showed each other how Heenan the American was going to whip Sayers the Britisher.

At night, Owney Geoghegan's place on the Bowery was a blaze of life and action. There were no less than three 24-foot rings in Owney's and at this time you could see fights going on in all of them at one and the same time.

Owney had gotten his idea of these arrangements from a visit to England where on his return he built a boxing chamber which was a replica of the three rings in the "Old Four Courts" in London in one of which Mendoza, one of the first of the great English champions, and old Humphries had fought a battle for the championship of England.

Here in Owney's place the famous colony of fighters made New York their trysting place in the sixties.

Tom Hyer, Yankee Sullivan, Joe Goss, John Morrissey, Joe Coburn, Ned O. Baldwin and the great fighters of that olden time were now gathering nightly and discussing the prospects of Heenan and Sayers.

At Billy McGlory's, on Hester Street, just off the Bowery, women danced at night by the thousands and the leading question between dances was:

"Who do you think will win the fight?"

Here, there, everywhere on the street and in the home, the leading question was: "What's the news from England?"

There were no Atlantic cables at this time, no way to get the news except by ocean steamers which then took some weeks to come.

For days and nights after April 17 the great editors stayed up all night, double crews of pressmen and printers were kept on duty, and one newspaper prepared to beat out the others with first news of the battle. The newsboy trust sat up with the editors and printers.

The first James Gordon Bennett, owner of the Herald, a genuine sportsman, had crews of tugmen and reporters roving the seas just outside of New York harbor and watching for the first ocean steamer that would bring news of the battle.

When it arrived it was a bitter disappointment. It told of how Sayers and Heenan had fought a draw. With their bare hands on a piece of English turf they had fought forty-two rounds, in 2 hours and 20 minutes, and then roughs who had surrounded the ring, cut the ropes, broke up the battle and the referee called it a draw.

* * *

And then came the newspapers with first stories of the battle. They told of how an open field near Farnborough, England, a 24-foot ring had been pitched on a piece of green turf and of how the nobility of England and their countrymen stood shoulder to shoulder around it and helped form the greatest crowd that had ever witnessed a prize fight in England.

The fight went forty-two rounds and it was said that Sayers had broken an arm early in the fight and the American claimed the ring was broken into to save his opponent. But no matter what the reason, after forty-two rounds, lasting 2 hours and 20 minutes, the ring was rushed by toughs and the contest declared a draw.

Some accounts gave Heenan the best of it, while others said that Sayers had the Yankee blinded in both eyes so that he had to be led away. There is no doubt that toughs broke up the fight to save their bets, one way or the other.

Both were fearfully disfigured and Sayers' friends claimed he had fought for two hours with a broken arm.

That it was a wonderful battle and that Britisher and American had conducted themselves nobly was proven directly after their meeting when the English people rose as one man to do honor to both pugilists. At the Alhambra theater in London, May 3, 1860, a few weeks after their memorable battle, the English people presented both Sayers and Heenan with magnificent championship belts.

The presentation came about midway on the evening programme, a Mr. Caldwell introducing Sayers and Heenan and declaring that they were the bravest men that had met on the field since Wellington and Napoleon at Waterloo.

Mr. Dowling, who had acted as referee of the fight, then presented Heenan's belt, remarking that it was an exact facsimile of the championship belt of England, and of precisely similar value, it having been purchased by public subscription to which Tom Sayers had contributed twenty-five pounds.

Heenan, who also received an address on vellum, doffed his coat and put the belt on.

Mr. Wilkes, the editor of the New York Spirit of the Times, followed with a similar presentation to Sayers, and afterward walked about the circus arm in arm with both Heenan and Sayers.

Along with the trophies were red Morocco cases, the outsides bearing the words, "Champion of England," in gold lettering.

* * *

The excitement and interest created by the fight between Heenan and Sayers never had a parallel in the history of either knuckle fighting or boxing.

Whether Heenan was such a great fighter as his world wide reputation would seem to indicate is perhaps open to doubt, for his ring battles were limited to three, with John Morrissey, Tom Sayers and Tom King, and in none of them was he victorious.

Morrissey defeated him at Long Point, Canada, in eleven rounds, and Tom King took his measure in twenty-four rounds, fought in thirty-five minutes.

* * *

It is a curious thing that at the time of their deaths both Heenan and Sayers were thirty-one years old.

The funeral of the Englishman at Highgate Cemetery, in November, 1865, was memorable for the enormous crowd that turned out to witness it.

Immediately following the hearse was a dun pony, covered with a black pall with white edging, the only occupant of the trap being a faithful mastiff. A month after his death Sayers' effects were sold off.

The belt which had been presented to him at the same time as Heenan's was sold for thirty-three pounds, twelve shillings; the dog for six guineas more, and the silver cup given to him by Captain Wenster, for his great fight on the bank of the Medway with Aaron Jones, and which was for a stake of thirty-one pounds, went for ten shillings

Sayers early in life married an English woman and she was the mother of another Tom Sayers, for years one of the best known trainers on the race courses of America. The son often spoke of his father as a kindly as well as a brave English gentlemen who fought at 152 pounds and barred no opponent on account of greater weight or size.

Heenan was a regular Adonis, and while in his fistic glory met Adah Isaacs Menken, a pretty and well known actress to whom he was married in 1859. They toured Europe, but in 1862 Adah divorced him. Later on Heenan married another actress, named Sara Stevens. He gave up fighting and died Oct. 25, 1873, leaving an estate of about $50,000.

Long after his fight with Sayers, Heenan was a marked figure. His best pal then was John Deery, the champion billiardist. These two men of magnificent form, height and figure and always splendidly dressed, became known on Broadway and in all public places of New York as the "pair of kings," all this due to their magnificent appearance and royal bearing.

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Full particulars of the painting follow:
The painting, inside the frame, is 30 inches by 24 inches. Outside of frame, 36 inches by 42 inches.

It is a gilt frame, with a brass plate on the bottom, giving Dan Donnelly's name and age, and when he died, etc.

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The Five Ages of Fighting

By JACK KOFOED

THERE are six ages of men, the poet tells us—and there are almost as many classes of fighting men.

The champions—those sublimated beings who talk in nothing less than six figures; those owners of apartment houses and limousines and all the luxuries of earth—top the list.

Next are the contenders, earners of fabulous sums, too, high talking lads, who, in a year or two, may supplant those who sit in the seats of the mighty.

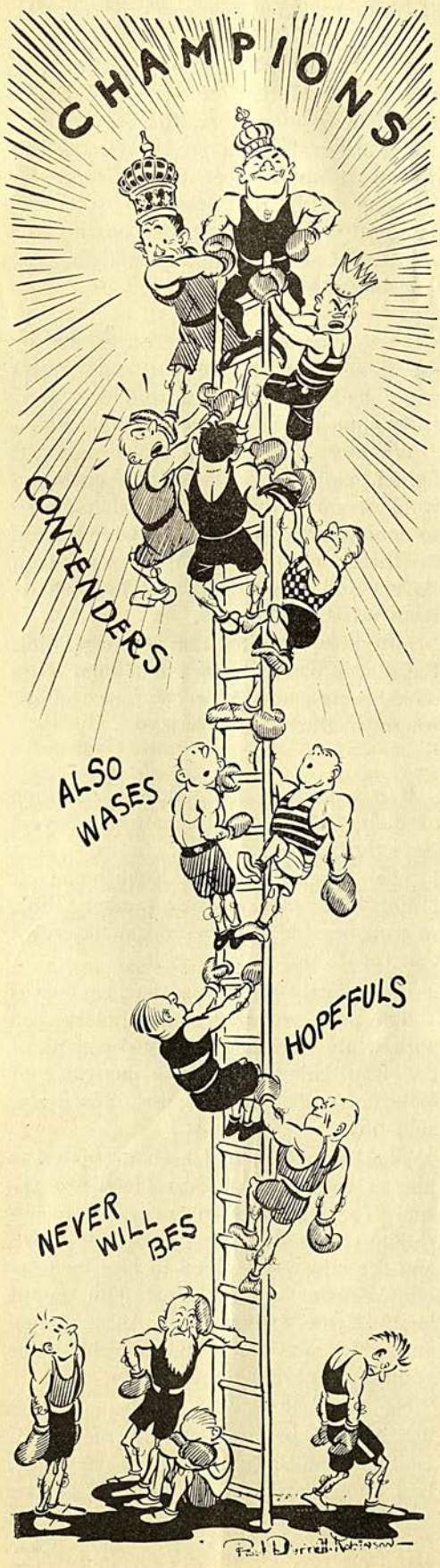
Then, there are Also-wases—ex-champions and ex-contenders—fighters who had tasted of the nectar of success and glory, but who find that success and glory slipping away from them.

There are the Hopeful ones, too. They are too young or inexperienced to be listed among the contenders, but they are promising—the possible Dempseys and Leonards of the future. They have youth and crude power, and need but the necromancy of time and proper handling to bring them to the point where they may graduate into the ranks of the contenders.

Trailing last are the Never-Will-Bes; the most human and the most interesting and the most hopeless of all the fistic crew. They are the men who started, as all of them start, with high hopes and ambitions; the men who reach their peak and find that it is only mediocrity or less. You see them in the wind-ups and the semi-windups and in the preliminaries. There are good fighters and bad fighters among them—but none of them will ever be national characters.

It is easy to speak of the title-holders. There are quite a few thousand pugilists in the world, but only eight recognized world's champions. William Harrison Dempsey has real estate and mining and theatrical interests, as well as those that pertain to the squared circle. Benjamin Leiner, otherwise Benny Leonard, owns considerable stock, has an interest in several automobile accessory stores and in his brother's cabaret, has starred in musical comedy and plays golf at country clubs. Villa, Lynch, Dundee, Walker, Greb and McTigue, have money and prestige. But their goal has been reached.

They have achieved all that the ring has to offer. Ambition can get them no further along the line, and when that happens interest dies. Dempsey says that the happiest days of his life were when he was fighting his way up



toward the throne he now occupies. Now he is blase and bored. Benny Leonard turns rather wistful eyes on the stage, where his principal interest lies now.

The champions may be the most picturesque figures in the game because they are champions and have proved themselves the best of all their fellows, but there is more real, human interest among those on the lower rungs of the ladder.

Many of the Hopefuls, Also-Wases and Never-Will-Bes claim to be contenders—most of them do, for that matter, but it is just part of the bobance and boastfulness that is part of any public business. The contenders are easily identified.

There are several handfuls of them in each class. Take the heavyweights as an example. Harry Wills looms up as the prime contender; the one man who might have a possible chance at victory were he to climb into the ring with Dempsey to-morrow.

Is there any other whom you would gamble on as even a long shot against the Manassa Mauler?

Luis Firpo roars defiance from his Argentinian pampas, but Luis is actually only on the line between the hopeful and the contending class. Jack Renault, with his wicked right upper-cut, is in that circle, too. So is young Ad Stone, though farther back and with a longer span of work before him.

We feel with these young hopefuls; realize how brightly tinted are their dreams of the future. The youngsters are the champions or the contenders of the future. Some are still in the preliminary class, unknown and unrecognized now, but beginning to feel their oats and know that they are cut out for better things.

There is more of tragedy and less of color among the Also-Wases. They are the men who Were or Almost Were. Some of them have been cut down by the invincible hand of Time; others have been beaten by their excesses or the too hard hands of others, but who still hang on—not hoping for anything, but simply seeking to earn a living.

Knockout Laughlin, the Bethlehem Cave-Man, is an example. Laughlin fought all the good lightweights a few years back. He had Benny Leonard on the floor for the space of five or

six seconds. Many an expert looked to see his endurance and ceaseless vitality and terrific punch carry him to the top of the class.

Laughlin's eyes went bad, and the punishment he absorbed sapped his strength. He is still in the ring, being whipped by men who never will be as good as he once was, simply because he has a family to support, and knows no other trade.

And Charley Weinert is the example of a man beaten by the bright lights and gaiety. It was not so many years ago that he was the best looking heavyweight prospect in the land. Had he taken care of himself he might have been a champion or just a step removed from the throne.

Yet, last summer we saw him tossed in the ring with Luis Firpo, merely to fatten the huge Argentinian's knockout average. He went into the ring, knowing what was to be his portion. He consciously sacrificed himself for the few dollars that was his end of the purse.

But, we cannot really sympathize with the champions or the contenders or the hopeful ones or those who were once great and are now only hulks of fighting men. Some are enjoying the fruits of success; some have tasted it; others are striving for it. Every one of them has a present or a past or a future.

The saddest figures of all are the Never-Will-Bes. They have neither present, past or future—and they are like a terribly large number of men in other lines; the clerks and salesmen and others who have reached their limit, but still stick to the treadmill of their business because they know no other.

Take Whitey Fitzgerald, the Philadelphia lightweight, as an example, and this is said in no unkind spirit for Whitey. He is a tough, two-handed fighter, with enormous endurance, bulldog courage and no cleverness to speak of. He fights in the windups of the smaller clubs or in the earlier bouts of the big ones. During his career he has battled most of the tough men in his division, and never turned down a match because the opponent named was too hard a nut to crack.

He knows that as well as we do, and wouldn't be sore at our saying so. But, what future is there for the fighter of the Fitzgerald type? The purses he earns are not munificent ones, and there are often lengthy stretches between fights.

The sad part of all games is that for every winner there must be hundreds of losers. For the man who makes a million in Wall Street there must be innumerable small investors who are cleaned out. For every executive in a great business there must be scores of poorly paid underlings who have no horizon, no prospects. And, for every pugilistic champion there must be so very many who can never hope to reach those sublimated heights.

Some of those who know, feel, have the instinctive intuition that they are not destined for the top ranks, get out while the getting is good, though others stick and we see them, battered hulks, going the ways of the beaten, slowly, ever faster slumping to the bottom. But the one who can realize his shortcomings is what we term a wise bird.

Take Jimmy Johnston, James Joy Johnston, the same James Joy who is sometimes referred to as the Boy Bandit of Madison Square, the manager of fighters and promoter of things fistic and sportive. He was a boxer in his youth. He had nothing, so to speak, but a wise brain. Not much skill, not much strength, not much speed.

He won a few fights by the liberal appliance of brain power over brawn. But there came a day when he was being bumped off by the lesser lights, the boys beneath his strata. Nothing he did or tried could prevent these constant defeats and so James J. decided he would become a manager, and he did. He had the sense to know that he was not destined to be a star and too much ambition to remain as a second fiddle.

We recall Menus O'Donnell, a broth of an Irish lad who was some kind of a champion in Ireland. He came over here and whipped a few boys and then began taking it on the chin himself. Now, Menus had a set of brains and he soon saw that he was not to be more than a punching bag for the second raters. So he stepped out and became a manager and branched still farther out and became a prosperous Brooklyn business man, and still is.

And there was, to name another, Johnny Donnelly of Philadelphia. He jumped into something like fame when he beat Rocky Kansas and Joe Tiplitz and then found himself, quite suddenly, prey for all his old foes whom he had beaten. "This is not my game," quoth Johnny, and he quit, and now he's a newspaper man. "I still can make good in that game," said Johnny, and he can.

But, it is hard to fail in that to which you have given the best effort of your heart and hand and brain.

To Lord Lonsdale

LORD LONSDALE, in an interview,
deplores the fight game's fall,
And says the modern scrappers aren't
pugilists at all.
He tells about the rugged men of fifty
years ago
Who fought for five, or maybe ten,
and never cared for dough.
There's something in Lord Lonsdale's
claim. We, too, would like to meet
Some fighter thinking more of fame and
less of Easy Street.

However, if Your Lordship please, we
have two fighters here
That would compare quite nicely with
the stars of any year.
'Tis true that, like big purses, the biggest
in the land,
But—get this right—they both can
FIGHT, and FIGHT to beat the
band!

Our heavyweight, Jack Dempsey, is a
wildcat when in trim,
And little Bennie Leonard—tell us, what
is wrong with him?

No pugilists of any age, no stars of days
gone by
Would shine supreme o'er this great
team in speed of limb or eye.
No heavyweight of other years would
have a snap with Jack,
And Leonard could have held his own
with any lightweight pack.
So speak for England, Lonsdale, when
bemoaning boxing's fall.
We've got two Yankee scrappers that
the old stars couldn't maul!

WILLIAM F. KIRK.
N. Y. Eve. Journal.

THE FORGOTTEN CHAMP

By WILL LAWLER

His sweaty glove was raised on high
To mark the triumph he had won,
And rafters shook with loud applause—
The acclaim to a worshipped son.

Outside the ring a wretched form,
Garbed in such rags as shun the light,
Mumbled his plaint of Fate's hard jest,
"Once I stood there, when I was right."

No cheers roared out from pit to roof
As silently he slunk away,
But mem'ry mocked his shuffling step
"You foolish kid, you had your day."

Footlights and Footwork

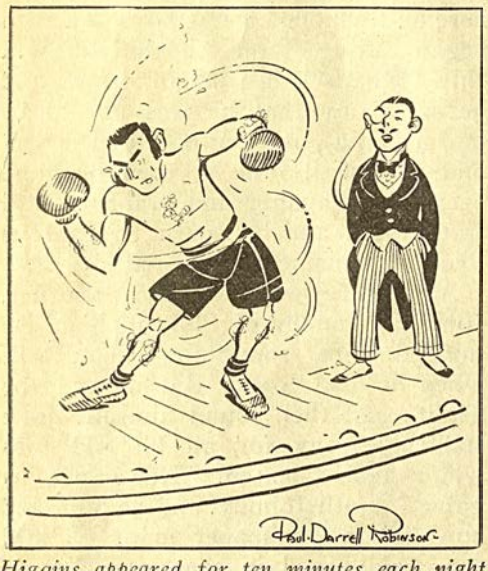
(An Adventure of the Han. Waffle-Waffle)
Chapter VII

By JAMES K. McGUINNESS

AT the present time I am jolly well engaged in elevating the stage, old dear; with the able assistance of that eminent thespian, frightful old Higgins, who is now recognized as the leading contender for the championship and is jolly well certain to have a go at the title within the next six months, or so.

By the time this reaches you, I shall probably have finished and with Higgins will be off on another short tour of the Yankee sticks, for our contract expires at the end of the present week and the drama will have to bally well exist without our assistance for some time to come.

Doubtless you read in the daily press of Higgins' doing in those two contender johnnies in his last two



Higgins appeared for ten minutes each night and did a lot of nonsensical shadow boxing.

fights. The Times and The Daily Mail both had men at ringside for each of the bouts and long accounts of the victories were dispatched by cable. I only hope that the pater has not seen the news; or, if he has, that he has not connected my Higgins with the man he sent to the States to assist me in striking cows. I can imagine the silly old soul if he knew.

Since Higgins bashed those two chappies so completely, the Yankee press has been clamoring for a match between him and the champion. But it will not be for some time. The promoter johnnies want to wait for summer and the outdoor season so that they can get more people to pay admission.

I had thought that his purchase of the Roaring Nellie Oil Well in our joint interest would turn Higgins' thoughts away from the boxing johnnies, and I was jolly well resigned to going back to the fearful old home

And the ladies of the company! One in particular took my fancy.

of the Waffle-Waffles at Scrub Acres, but Higgins did not favor the idea, much to my relief.

"Hif Hi went back now, beggin' yer parding, sir," he said. "Hi should honly be hanother one hof them never riches, sir. But hif Hi wins th' championship, hor hif Hi heven foights fer hit, Hi can go back hand hopen ha nice quiet 'otel hand pub, hand be respected fer th' rest hof me days, sir."

So we determined to carry on. That's the spirit, what-o, old thing? I couldn't desert Higgins until the thing was all over.

There seemed jolly little sense in sitting around and waiting for winter to come to an end, but the promoters in the West did not deem the time ripe to make a third tour until talk of Higgins' match with the champion should be revived. These boxing johnnies are a bally keen sort about that sort of rot.

Our only relief came in the form of an offer from one of the theatrical johnnies to join a musical comedy for a ten weeks' engagement. The name of the piece was "The Cat's Nightshirt," but the only nocturnal attire that was presented was feminine and not feline.

Higgins appeared for ten minutes each night and jolly well did a lot of nonsensical shadow boxing and some sparring, while my frightful duty was to make a speech telling of his accomplishments and asking merely that he be given a chance to meet the bally champion. The Yanks always applauded that; jolly good sportsmanship, eh, wot?

Most interesting thing the whole jolly affair. New perspective; see how the other half lives; all that sort of silly rot.

And the ladies of the company; amazing creatures. One in particular jolly well took my fancy. Forever turning merry quips and jolly well playing pranks on everyone. A blonde chit by the name of Therese Marian.

She had one particularly annoying failing, however. Never could remember a person's name. She was

"Are you married, Therese?" I demanded.

forever getting mine wrong. She presented me to friends of hers as the Hon. Wheatcake. The Hon. Pancake. All sorts of nonsensical rot. No possible connection with Waffle-Waffle that I could see.

I must admit that I was jolly well angry over the matter at first, but when the poor girl explained that it was an hereditary failing in her family I could offer no more reproaches. One's first duty is to be sympathetic, especially to blondes, eh, wot, old dear?

"How's the Earl tonight?" she would greet me, or "Say, why doesn't the Prince of Wales take riding lessons on a merry-go-round? Or,

(*Continued on page* 15)

My Hardest Fight—As Told by Gene Tunney

"WELL, sir, you are going to give me the big laugh when I raise my right hand and say that Al Roberts made me forget the little I had learned about boxing, and came the nearest to making me take the full count," began Gene Tunney, American light heavyweight champion, in telling of his hardest ring battle.

"Some will claim that Harry Greb made me wish I had never tackled him in any of our three historic scraps, but such is not the case. True, the Pittsburgh windmill raised cain, and for that matter so did Charley Weinert. But as long as I live I shall never forget the fine tanning I received at the hands of the big, sturdy Staten Islander.

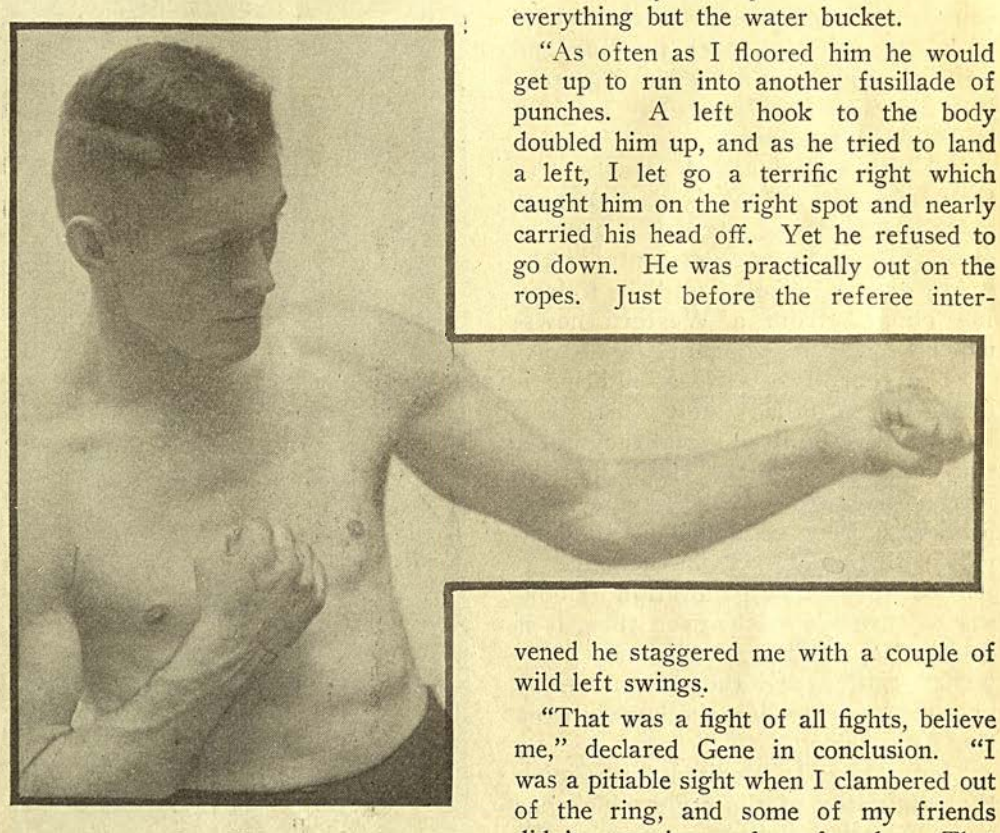
"It makes me shivver when I think of the close call I had to listening to the birdies chirp," continued the affable Francis James Tunney. "It all happened in my fourth professional encounter, back in 1920 at Newark, N. J. I was not ready for big time but I was informed that I could enjoy a good workout at the expense of Roberts, in spite of the fact that the record books showed he had run up a string of knockouts about a mile long—nineteen straight, I think.

"'He's made to order for you,' said my manager. I figured he should know what he was talking about. To my amazement, when I climbed through the ropes and looked over Roberts as we were getting the customary instructions, I said to myself, 'You big Irishman, you're in for a fight tonight.'

"Opposed to an experienced, though old bird like Roberts, my mind wandered to the days when I was on the other side with the marines in many escapades. They were tame in comparison to the left hooks and right crosses that bounced off my body and jaw, respectively, the moment we were let loose. Roberts had no pity for a young man just trying to get along.

"How that old boy pummelled me in the first three rounds! He closed one of my eyes and split my lip. He staggered me time and again with solid rights to the jaw. Around the fourth session he brought a left hook from the floor, curled it around his gloved fist once or twice and let it fly. I saw it coming but before I could move it landed flush on my jaw. I saw daylights! What a sensation!

"That aroused my Irish. My left eye was gone but he was manhandling the other. In desperation I took a healthy swing and luckily Roberts' jaw came in contact with it. The fifth round was in motion. I must have sneaked a little TNT in the wallop for it sat Roberts on his all fours and before he could scramble to his feet the referee tolled off three. Did that make Roberts sit up and take notice? I should say not. He came back like a maddened bull, raining blows on me from every angle. If I tried to block the right his left kept spitting fire on my nose and mouth.



Gene Tunney.

"I began to tire from my opponent's superior weight and strength, and experience, I might add, beginning the sixth. He came tearing in fresh as a daisy. He would lead and then command me to fight back. Believe me, I was willing enough but he kept bouncing me off my feet like a rubber ball from the impact of his sledge-hammer socks.

"I was praying and sure enough my prayers were answered in the seventh when I caught him off balance with another terrific left hook to the chin. He fell as if shot. It must have hurt him terribly for he couldn't get up until the nine count was reached. He was wobbly on his feet but dangerous every second. I jabbed a teaser to the nose and as he came rushing in again I hit him another corking left hook and flop he went down again for a two count.

"The beating he received in this session paved the way for his defeat in the eighth. When he came out of his corner he looked as if a trolley car had run him over. He faced a barrage of rights and lefts like a good soldier. He never backed away a step. I hit him with everything but the water bucket.

"As often as I floored him he would get up to run into another fusillade of punches. A left hook to the body doubled him up, and as he tried to land a left, I let go a terrific right which caught him on the right spot and nearly carried his head off. Yet he refused to go down. He was practically out on the ropes. Just before the referee intervened he staggered me with a couple of wild left swings.

"That was a fight of all fights, believe me," declared Gene in conclusion. "I was a pitiable sight when I clambered out of the ring, and some of my friends didn't recognize me for a few days. That beating encouraged me to continue boxing. I was put to the acid test and came through with flying colors. I made up my mind to fear no living man. Many others coming along as I was would have been discouraged.

"I have never taken such a whipping since and never expect to again. A boxer, in my opinion, must beat a slugger. I'd rather meet fellows of Roberts' type nowadays than those who know as much as I do about the modern art.

"Is it any wonder then that a cold chill runs up my back whenever I hear the name of Al Roberts?

"He will live long in my memory."

Old Mace School of Boxing Was Most Scientific of All

The Manly Art Has Not Really Improved Much in Style or Skillfulness for Almost Fifty Years

By JACK SKELLY

IF you listen to the arguments of some of the flashy young boxers of the present day, they will try to convince you that the modern stars of fistiana far outclass the old past masters of the Jem Mace or any other ancient school of boxing.

But when I recall the many brilliant and thrilling battles I've witnessed in the old days between many highly scientific fighters, I must confess I cannot see the so-called new school of boxing with so much mauling and fighting in clinches and swinging reckless blows from almost any angle a la Wild Bert Kenny.

I've frequently called attention to the rude and crude style of boxing nowadays by those who fail to acquire even the very first rudiments of the manly art, and when I read the following clipped from a Western newspaper I began to wonder:

"The Jem Mace style of fighting is dead—the English and Australians have finally admitted it and they agree they must assimilate the American methods or conceive a new system, otherwise they cannot hope to compete with U. S. boxers in the ring. It will require a new generation of boxers to turn the trick, even then, it is declared by leading English and Australian critics, and they see no early prospect of wrestling the laurels from the Americans.

"Jem Mace is credited with being the originator of the style which has made America almost supreme in the boxing world, but it was improvement on the style that enabled the U. S. boxers to secure a superiority over the Mace pupils that seldom has been overcome. The English maintain, however, that America's style today is the same as Mace of yesterday."

I wonder where the improvement is on the old Mace style?

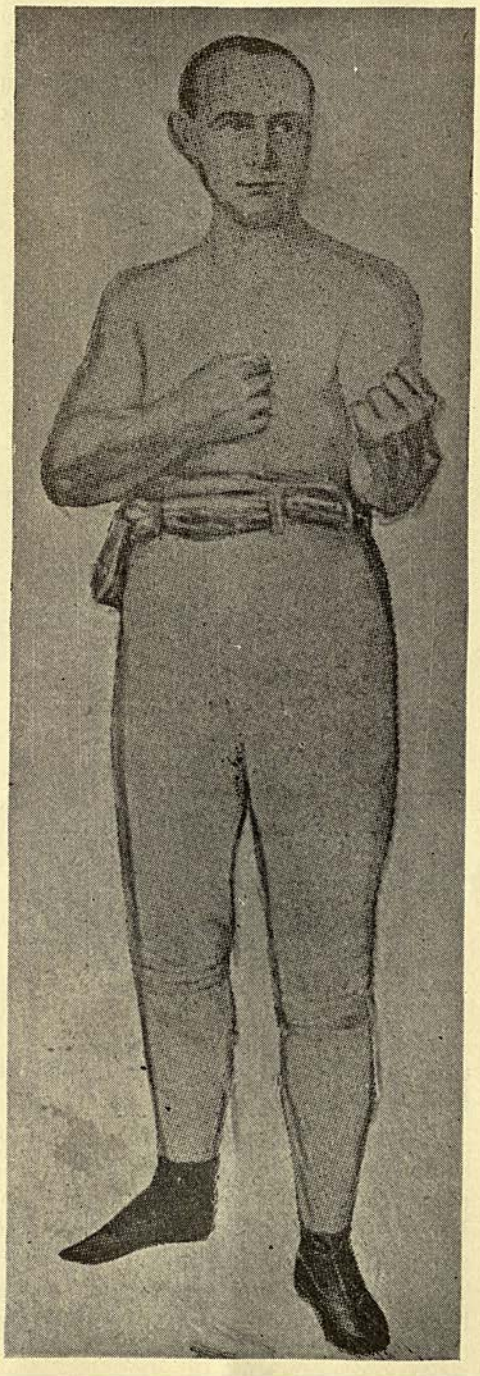
Is it in swinging wild blows from the floor up, which so seldom land?

Is it in getting an arm lock or a half-Nelson on an opponent and hammering with the other fist?

Is it an improvement to rush into a clinch every time you miss a blow and "smother up" for safety?

I know that the English experts do not maintain that the American style today is the same as Mace of yesterday.

I also know that many crude American boxers who tried to bull, clinch and wrestle their way to victory in English rings were either disqualified or lost the decision on account of their monkey capers within the ropes.



Jem Mace

I don't believe either that the English and Australians have finally admitted that the American methods are superior.

The principal reason for America being almost supreme in the boxing world is that we breed and develop more vigorous fighters than any other nation on earth. They have more speed, more aggressiveness, more dash, more pep and daring.

Our fearless boys proved this in the big war, when they cut loose on the slaughtering battlefields and beat their foes into submission by their gallant dashing, fighting spirit, and aggressiveness.

Jack Dempsey is a strong type of an American battler. He tears in regardless of self-protection and everything else to win quickly and most decisively. But I wouldn't advise any boy starting out for a ring career to copy Dempsey's terrific style, for "Jack the Giant Killer" is one man in many millions who can afford to take the desperate chances he does in his wide open manner of milling.

Yes, Jack Dempsey is a most exceptional fighter. He does not follow any school fighter. He has his own annihilating method, but you might hunt the world over and over for ten years and not find another such terrific fighter. But boys don't try to imitate the aggressive champion's style or some smart opponent may cross one over on your jaw.

There are yet a few American boxers who use the scientific methods introduced more than fifty years ago, by that grand old past master, Jem Mace. In fact it's fifty years ago since Mace

(*Continued on page* 17)

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FOOTLIGHTS AND FOOTWORK

(*Continued from page* 12)

again, "Say, don't George never get sore and answer Mary back?"

She was not the usual sort of musical comedy, lady, however. Quite superior, in fact. She took me into her confidence one evening, when we were having a bite of supper together, Higgins having duly gone home and gone to bed as I jolly well insisted that he should. Nothing like late hours for doing a man in physically, and all that sort of rot.

"Whatever?" I asked her, "is a little lady like you doing in this business?"

The question seemed to amaze her.

I smiled deprecatingly. After all, one hates to hear one's own praises sung too loudly.

"Anyone could see that you were not intended for this sort of life; the stage and that sort of thing," I assured her.

"I'm afraid maybe too many stage directors see the same way as you do," Therese answered, engimatically. "But," she went on, "don't let's talk about me. Tell me something about yourself. You're English, aren't you; related to nobility, and all that sort of thing?"

It was my turn to marvel at her perception.

"How did you ever guess all that?" I asked.

"It's easy," she assured me. "Practice makes perfect. I just knew, that's all. And now," she continued, "tell me about your ancestral home. What's its name?"

"Scrub Acres," said I.

"Pretty hard on the scrubwoman, isn't it?" she inquired.

"The hall is a bit large," I agreed, "but I have never heard one complain."

"You amaze me," Therese ejaculated. "Never complain. Now isn't that sweet of them. So devoted to the family, and so on and so forth. I just know that some of them have been in your family for years, and years and years."

"Generations," said I.

"I'll bet some of their ancestors were scrubbing when Harold was killed at the Battle of Hastings," she mused, her pretty face alight with the brightness of her thought.

"Well, I hardly think they did so much scrubbing then," I informed her. "They went in more for rushes on the flagging, and that sort."

"Why, of course. I should have

(*Continued on page* 23)

NERVE EXHAUSTION

How Nerve Abuse Wrecks Health

by PAUL von BOECKMANN

Lecturer and Author of numerous books and treatises on Mental and Physical Energy, Respiration, Psychology and Nerve Culture

THERE is but one malady more terrible than Nerve Exhaustion, and that is its kin, Insanity. Only those who have passed through a siege of Nerve Exhaustion can understand the true meaning of this statement. It is HELL; no other word can express it. At first, the victim is afraid he will die, and as it grips him deeper he is afraid he will not die; so great is his mental torture. He becomes panic-stricken and irresolute. A sickening sensation of weakness and helplessness overcomes him. He becomes obsessed with the thought of self-destruction.

Nerve Exhaustion is brought about through nerve strain. Three is no other cause. Men strain their nerves through mental concentration and business worries; often too, through excesses and vices. Women strain their nerves mainly through their emotions, especially those involved in their domestic affairs. Indeed, we are in the midst of nerve strain everywhere due to the mile-a-minute life we are leading. And no man or woman is so strong as to be immune to this strain.

Nerve Exhaustion is not a malady that comes suddenly, yet its symptoms are unmistakable. It does not manifest itself, as many think, in twitching muscles and trembling hands. The majority of sufferers from nerves seem strong and healthy, and may have not a tremor in their body, yet *inwardly* their nerves are in a turmoil and are undermining the entire bodily organism.

The symptoms of Nerve Exhaustion vary according to individual characteristics, but the development is usually as follows: First Stage: lack of energy and endurance; that "tired feeling." Second Stage: Nervousness; restlessness; sleeplessness; irritability; decline in sex force; loss of hair; nervous indigestion; sour stomach; gas in bowels; constipation; irregular heart; poor memory; lack of mental endurance; dizziness; headache; backache; neuritis, rheumatism, and other pains. Third Stage: Serious mental disturbances; fear, undue worry; melancholia; dangerous organic disturbances; suicidal tendencies; and in extreme cases, insanity.

If only a few of the symptoms mentioned apply to you, especially those indicating mental turmoil, you may be sure that your nerves are at fault—that you have exhausted your Nerve Force.

Perhaps you have chased from doctor to doctor seeking relief for a mysterious "something the matter with you." Each doctor tells you that there is nothing the matter with you; that every organ is perfect. But you know there is something the matter. You feel it, and you act it. You are tired, dizzy, cannot sleep, cannot digest your food and you have pains here and there. You are told you are "run down," and need a rest. Your doctor may prescribe a drug—a nerve stimulant or sedative. Leave nerve tonics alone. It is like making a tired horse run by towing him behind an automobile.

And don't be deceived into believing that some magic system of physical exercise can restore the nerves. It may develop your muscle but it does so at the expense of the nerves, as thousands of athletes have learned through bitter experience.

PAUL VON BOECKMANN

Author of Nerve Force and scores of other books on Health, Psychology, Breathing, Hygiene and kindred subjects, many of which have been translated into foreign languages. Prof. von Boeckmann is the scientist who explained the nature of the mysterious Psychophysic Force involved in the Coulon-Abbott Feats, a problem that had baffled the leading scientists of America and Europe for more than thirty years, and a full account of which was published in Physical Culture Magazine and many newspapers.

The cure of weak and deranged nerves must have for its basis an understanding of how the nerves are affected by various abuses and strains. It demands an understanding of certain simple laws in mental and physical hygiene, mental control, relaxation, and how to develop immunity to the many strains of everyday life. Through the application of this knowledge, the most advanced case of Nerve Exhaustion can be corrected.

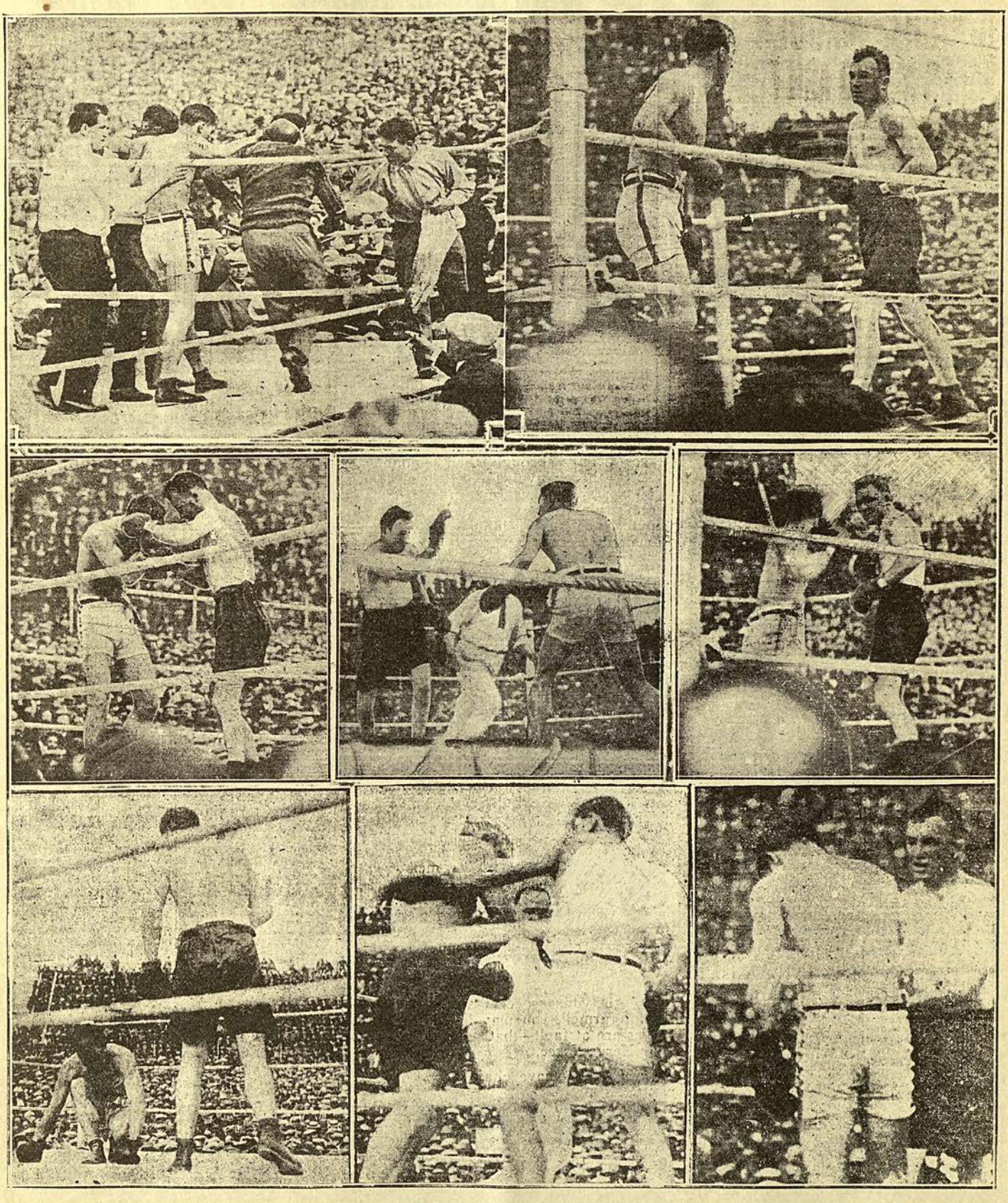
I have made a life study of the mental and physical characteristics of nervous people, having treated more cases of "Nerves" during the past 25 years than any other man in the world (over 100,000 cases).

The result of this vast experience is embodied in a 64-page book, entitled "Nerve Force," a book that is essentially intended to teach how to care for the nerves and how to apply simple methods for their restoration. It includes important information on the application of deep breathing as a remedial agent. The cost of the book is only 25 cents, coin or stamps. Address me—Paul von Boeckmann, Studio 36, 110 West 40th St., New York City.

This book will enable you to diagnose your troubles understandingly. The facts presented will prove a revelation to you and the advice will be of incalculable value whether you have had trouble with your nerves or not. Your nerves are the most precious possession you have. Through them you experience all that makes life worth living, for to be dull-nerved means to be dull-brained, insensible to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition, and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more delicate is your nervous system, and the more imperative it is that you care for your nerves.

"Nerve Force" is not an advertisement of any treatment I may have to offer. This is proved by the fact that large corporations have bought and are buying this book from me by the hundreds and thousands for circulation among their employees—Efficiency. Physicians recommend the book to their patients—Health. Ministers recommend it from the pulpit—Nerve Control, Happiness. Never before has so great a mass of valuable information been presented in so few words. It will enable you to understand your Nerves, your Mind, your Emotions, and your Body. Over a million copies have been sold during the past fifteen years.

Scenes in International Bout Between Gibbons and Carpentier



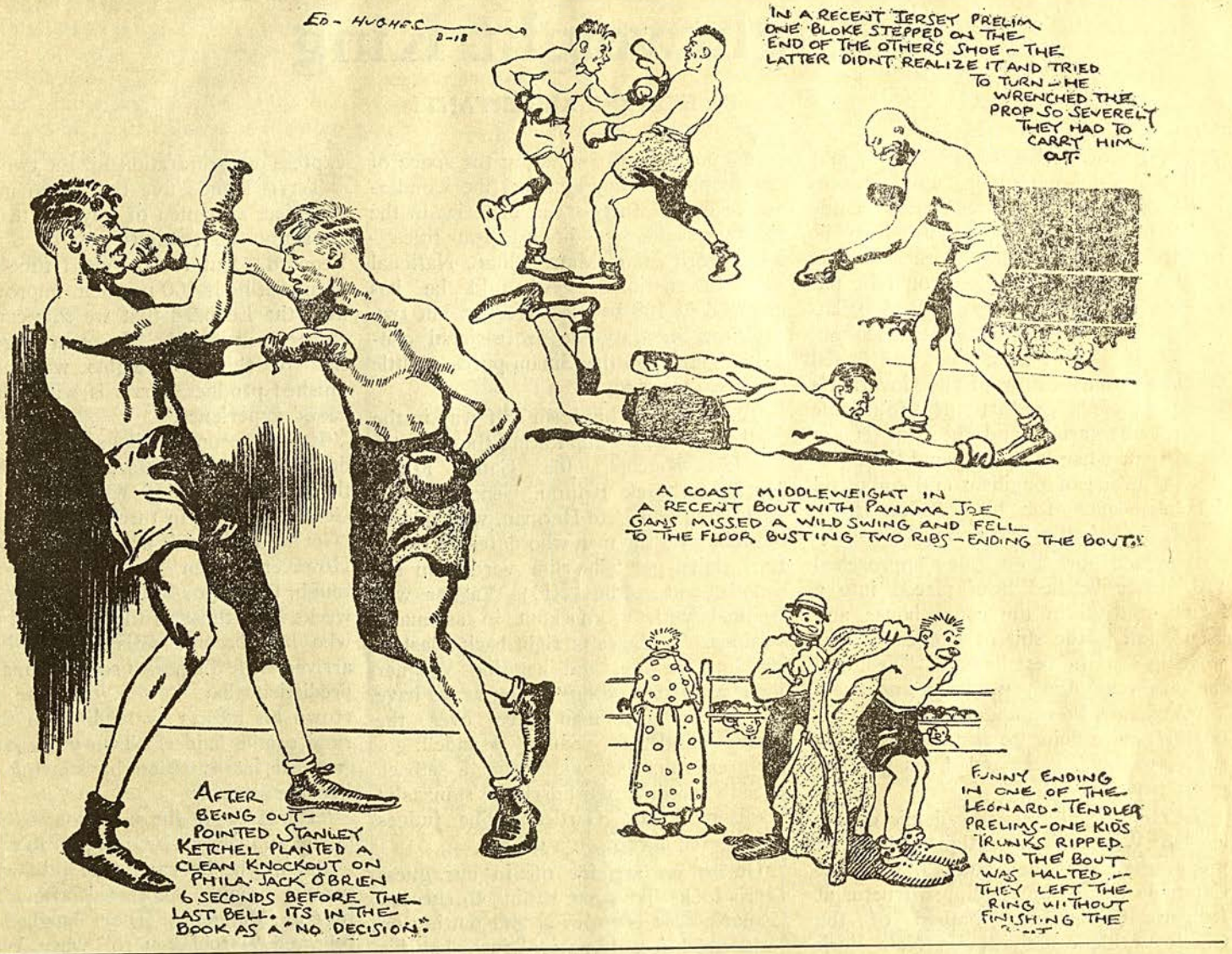
Top row (left to right) Carpentier, with sprained ankle, being assisted to his corner in fourteenth round. Gibbons backing Georges into a corner.

Middle row (left to right) Gibbons working his right uppercut to perfection. Gibbons going after his opponent with a vengeance in eleventh round. Carpentier, against ropes, tries to jab Gibbons.

Bottom row (left to right) Carpentier falling after turning his angle in ninth. Carpentier set for a right hook, finds Gibbons' style baffling. Carpentier against the ropes helpless in final rounds, finds Gibbons merciful.

Down Queer Alley in Ringland

By ED HUGHES



OLD MACE SCHOOL OF BOXING

(*Continued from page* 14)

first invaded America and defeated Tom Allen for the world's heavyweight championship at Kennerville, La., on May 10, 1870, in ten fast, slashing, scientific rounds.

Some of our boxers who still box, more or less in the Mace style, are Jack Britton, Benny Leonard, Mike Gibbons, Johnny Kilbane, Johnny Conlon, etc.

I could also see the Mace methods in Freddy Welsh, Jimmy Wilde, Jim Driscoll and many other Englishmen, including Billy Plimmer and Ben Jordan.

Peter Jackson, Bob Fitzsimmons, Young Griffo, Jim Hall, George Dalton, Dan Creedan, Billy Murphy and a host of other Australians were of the Mace school, and where today can England or the Antipodes produce such great ring artists as the few I've named above?

Many past masters of fistiana were of the Mace school. Old Joe Coburn, who fought two draws with Mace, Jim Dunne, Johnny Dwyer, Steve Taylor, Billy Edwards, Arthur Chambers, Sam Collyer, Jack Dempsey, the old Nonpariel, Jack McAuliffe, Tommy Ryan, Joe Gans, Jack Burke (the alleged Irish Lad), Ike O'Neill Weir, Professor Mike Donovan, Mike (twin) Sullivan, Young Corbett, Packey McFarland and a regiment of others belonged to this class.

The Jem Mace style of fighting is not dead and will never die as long as high class, scientific boxing exists. And how long do you think that will be?

Call me up in the year 2020 and probably by that time there will be some new blows discovered and an entire new style of glove combatting, but I don't imagine it will be much improvement on the Jem Mace method at that.

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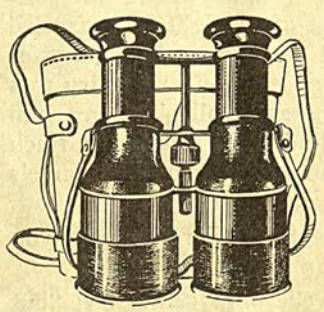

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Sid Terris Hailed as Future Lightweight King

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

THE School of Hard Knocks may elevate one of its most famous pupils to the presidency. Little did Alfred E. Smith dream when he peddled fish in New York's Fulton Market that some day he would be put up as a candidate for the highest executive position in the land of the free and the brave. Sid Terris, born and raised within a stone's throw of the Governor's birthplace, is a graduate of life's same stern kindergarten, and the time is not far distant when he will ascend the lightweight throne of pugilism and command fabulous sums for his services in a twenty-four-foot roped arena.

It is told how Tom Foley approached "Al" after he had been placed into a Tammany job in the court house and asked him if the suit of clothes he was wearing was the best he had. "Yes, and the only one," the young man answered.

"Well, get home and have it pressed because we're going to nominate you for the Assembly," commanded his political godfather.

Terris was taking an academic course at De Witt Clinton High School in preparation for the study of law at Columbia when Dan Caplin, instructor at Rutgers Gymnasium, hotbed of the Ghetto's athletic activities in New York City, stepped into the picture. Caplin, shrewd and wise in the ways of embryo champions, saw in the lad promise of greatness in the modern art of self-defense. Night after night he marveled as he watched the elongated youngster cage goals with a skill and wizardry that was uncanny in basketball play; saw him run rings around older rivals in track competition, and clear three flour barrels by a foot in broad jumping.

"Can your mother afford to send you to college?" Dan asked Terris.

"Not very well," Sid answered; "but she wants me to be a lawyer."

"There are more lawyers than there are clients," was Caplin's rejoinder. And in the next breath he advised him thusly:

"Take my tip and take up boxing as a means of a livelihood. Right now it's all the rage; plenty of money in it." While Terris was trying to get a word in edgewise silver-tongued Dan exclaimed: "Look at Benny Leonard!"

Thanks to Caplin's foresight Terris has not only made leaps and bounds with his gloved fists, but saved $10,000, with half a million more in sight. In the space of ten months Sidney amassed the wonderful record of forty-seven victories in the amateur ranks, in addition to four titles—New York State, Metropolitan, National and International. All told he has engaged in 108 battles. He lost but two decisions in sixty-one professional contests. He quit the Simon-pures a little over two years ago.

Terris shoved his form half way in the Hall of Fame by duplicating the feats of Stanley Ketchel, Joe Gans, Matty Matthews, Jack Britton, Gene Tunney, Abe Attell and Pete Herman, who turned the tables on the men who defeated them. Earl Baird got a hairline verdict in six rounds, and Eddie (Kid) Wagner was credited with a knockout in as many sessions. Terris came right back, plastering Earl in ten, and handing Wagner about as nifty a boxing lesson as we have ever seen any man give over the twelve-round trail. Sammy Mandell, going great guns last winter, got a setback at Sid's hands in ten hurricane stanzas at Madison Square Garden. The judges and referee agreed on a draw.

Unless we are far off in our guess Terris looks like a sure thing to succeed Leonard. He is growing and putting on flesh, which is only natural for a boy his age. Although slightly over twenty-one you wouldn't think he was that old to look at him. He reminds one of a schoolboy enmeshed in his studies. At present Sid scales 130 pounds.

If Johnny Dundee persists in ducking the issue for the junior lightweight laurels there is nothing left for Manager Caplin to do but make a drive for the 135-pound diadem. By next year, when it is thought Benny either will hang up his gloves or continue his fistic endeavors in the welterweight division, Terris will be ready to punch his way to the lightweight throne.

Terris is a combination of Jem Driscoll and Abe Attell. What a "combo," as they say in select cauliflower circles.

He has the speed of foot of the great little Englishman and the punching power of the tricky Abe, with the keen, analytical brains of both thrown in for good measure. His best stock in trade is a left jab and hook second to none. When he puts it into play it is a treat for the eye. And, boy—Oh, boy!—how he can jab and hook! Marvelous is no word to express our admiration for the two blows.

Terris stands five feet seven inches—a perfect specimen of physical manhood. In action he reminds you of a second Leonard. But for the short time he has been at it he is 100 per cent. improvement over the Leonard that we saw carve his career back in 1912. In other words, the czar of the lightweights was not the finished product Terris is with only two years' experience.

It took Leonard almost three years to develop a punch. He discovered he had the finishing wallop when he laid low Gene Moriarity in three rounds in 1915. "Got to show us," persisted the experts. However, when Benny flattened the rough, tough Joe Mandot in seven a few weeks later those in the know and others who had become satisfied that he had arrived with the punch soporific made the prediction that, in due time, he would crown his efforts by landing on the top rung of the ladder. Two years later he gratified his ambition by stowing away Freddie Welsh.

"The kid's got the speed, owns the best left hand in captivity, but he can't punch—and maybe he can't take it," was the general opinion expressed after Terris fought Mandell. They laughed and bellowed "I told you so" when Wagner beat him. But they were a sorrowful looking bunch when they saw Terris annihilate what remained of the once invincible form of Andy Chaney in a round and a half. A few weeks ago he showed them he could sock and take a good punch. The artistic manner in which he disposed of the Baltimorean convinced the sharps that the youngster had learned to hit, and more than one said he owned the prettiest right cross they had ever seen in motion.

Now we come to the Wagner return setto. Implanted in his mind the fact that the Philadelphian had whipped him, Terris went about his work in a business-like manner. He discovered that Wagner's nose was a cute target for the left jabs that he kept bouncing off like so many raindrops. After the first three rounds Sid knew he had Wagner's number. Foolishly Terris went out of his way to convince the most skeptical that he could take it in the body. That's the only reason Wagner landed a few punches to the midsection. Sid kept his head, and smiled a derisive smile as much as to say, "Revenge is sweet."

For popularity genuine to the heart's core, there isn't a boy who is so much thought of on the lower East Side of New York City as Terris. They worship his every footstep. Five truckloads of admirers, packed in like sardines, go to every one of his fights. Not since the halcyon days of Leach Cross has a better prospect been developed in that seething section. He is a home-loving lad, lives a clean life, taking a page out of Benny Leonard's book, and, what's most important, success has not turned his head.

Sidney first saw the light of day at No. 245 Clinton Street, one of five children raised by the poor, struggling Mrs. Gussie Terris. His father died twelve years ago. Frederick Terris for eighteen years was a name to be reckoned with on Clinton Street, where he ruled with an iron hand in Democratic politics. Strangely, about the time Sid was attending P. S. No. 147—his instructor was Joseph Fleischer, brother of Nat Fleischer, editor of THE RING, and sports editor of the *Evening Telegram*—Leonard was racking up ivories in a poolroom at Avenue B and Eighth Street, a short distance from his home. Cross, who lived at Third Street and Avenue C, was at the height of his career.

Basketball was Sid's favorite pastime, and good books to read his diversion. He received all his early athletic training from Caplin who handled several hundred East Side boys at the Rutgers' gymnasium.

Caplin recalls how Sid, playing center scored eighteen of twenty-nine points that helped defeat P. S. 62 for the junior city championship. About this time Caplin, who, by the way, held down the directorship for eleven years and is solely responsible for Terris' development from the time he reached the age of thirteen years, induced Sid to join Rutgers' Gym. Caplin was very sweet on Terris' speed and sharp eye, and he was smart enough to know that he had a diamond in the rough.

Anyhow, he took his good time teaching the youngster how to put up his hands and defend himself, for Caplin knew every angle of boxing and is a splendid teacher. Caplin couldn't believe his eyes when he saw Sid learn by leaps and bounds. One night when the class was dismissed, Dan took Terris in hand. Sid went through the elementary principles like a duck takes to water.

Convinced that Terris had the makings in him, Vaplin started him in the Simonpure class of boxing. He weighed 108 pounds. The A. A. U. officials were dumbfounded when their eyes lit on the speedy lad in the ring. He went right through the lists, defeating such good, in fact top-notchers, like Louis Guglielmini, Frankie Fasano, Nat Pincus, Georgie Bender and some others whose names we can't recall.

To crown his achievements, Sid set up the wonderful record of whipping three men in two nights for the International laurels. He knocked out his opponents, each in one round. His victims included Nick Younick, of Bridgeport, Conn.; Jack Johnson, of Toronto, Canada, and Ted Bloodgett, of Boston.

He stopped Wilbur Cohen, the flashy negro, in two rounds, at Boston, for the National crown. He appeared thirty times at Madison Square Garden during his amateur scrapping. One of his greatest performances he turned in against Frank Lotimer. A right hand punch under the heart laid low his rival in two rounds.

Medals, cups and watches weren't sufficient to keep the wolf from the door and put food on the table. So Sid got a job running errands for a radiator company for which he received $7 a week. In the meantime he was putting on weight, so when Caplin was ready to plunge Kid in the pro ranks Terris scaled around 118 pounds. He received $1000, a world of money, for beating Jimmy Tomasulo in four rounds, his first bout. He knocked out Tommy Hayes in 3, Ray Sharra in two, and Johnny Gunning in three rounds, respectively.

He scored victories, mostly referee's decisions, over the following:

Lew Paluso, Willis Garber, twice; Joey Silvers, thrice; Louis Guglielmini, twice; Moe Ginsberg, twice; Larry Goldberg, Al Ketchel, Jimmy Joyce, Marty Silvers, Emanuel Lema, Tommy Wilson, Joe Eppey, Jackie Harris, Otto Goldberg, Charley Hayes, Harry Mulcahy, Andy Palmer, Jackie Millman, Joe Ritchie, Rosey Stoy, Cuddy de Marco, Jack Hausner, Earl Baird, Eddie Brady, Jack Stark, Phil Logan, Bud Dempsey, Tony Vaccarelli, Larry Roach, Johnny Cooney, Joe Baker, Sid Bernard, Dutch Brandt, and made Willie Kohler and Babe Herman run out of matches. He knocked out Johnny Lisse and Frankie Ryan, besides Chaney.

Whenever he feels inclined Terris can switch from his natural style to southpaw delivery. He has a brother four years younger, Danny, who has all the earmarks of becoming a great scrapper. The Terris' come from a good stock like the Leonards.

While Mrs. Minnie Leiner, Benny's mother, is now enjoying the fruits of her son's success in a luxurious apartment on West End Avenue and 96th Street, Mrs. Terris refuses to move from her present abode. But Sid says he is going to buy a house on East Broadway and give his mother all the joys of life that she deserves.

Hy Caplin, Manager Dan's brother, is not only Sid's mascot but his trainer. Terris prepares for his battles at Greenwood Lake. Sundays usually finds Sid and his pals at Sheepshead Bay, where he takes them out fishing. He is a member of the Madison Street Boys, of which Caplin is president.

"One time I guessed it right. I knew I had the makings of a champion when I first cast eyes on Sid in basketball play," recounted Caplin the other day. "He is one of the most natural boxers I have ever seen. And believe me when I tell you the public hasn't seen all he has. He is cool under fire, knows every trick of the game at this early time in his career, and he knows when and how to hit. That's what I like about him best.

"He is a kid and very easy to manage, although I shouldn't use the word manage, because we are just like two pals. I tell him I have matched him for a fight, and he bows his head in assent. He trains assiduously. And he knows how to condition himself. I taught him the first rudiments and he was an adept pupil. He learns as he goes on. He doesn't think he knows it all, and he is willing to keep on learning.

"A more model boy, there never lived a better one," concluded Dan. "He is a wonderful kid, kind to his mother, respectful to his elders, choice in his language and bashful to a marked degree. When he has to make a speech he calls on me to come to his rescue. Mark my words, he's your next lightweight champion of the world."

"LUIS AIN'T GONNA FIGHT NO MORE"

By Jay J. Thomas

"I KNOW what consolation is," an old song used to go,
And that old word called "gratitude" has caused much grief and woe.
Tex Rickard found Bull Firpo—he didn't have a dime;
He turned the spotlight on him and placed him on Big Time.
But—"I ain't gonna fight no more; I've bumps that still are sore.
Let the fans all yell—nine times I fell—
But—I ain't gonna fight no more."

* * *

The job of bathing dishes went much against his pelt,
So he joined the resin sniffers and gathered gobs of gelt;
And when he nicked a bankroll, to it he sure did freeze,
Now when Texas wants him we hear him loudly wheeze:
"I ain't gonna fight no more, believe me that's for sure;
Jack's punch is a wow—I can taste it now—
I ain't gonna fight no more."

(*Continued from page* 5)

storing ice, and there was a considerable quantity of it in the building when the fight took place. Great blocks of ice were moved back from the centre of the interior and the ring pitched in the open space.

Bagging was laid on ice cakes and utilized for ringside seats. To say that the fighters and spectators were cool and collected is putting it mildly.

Ice cakes for seats.

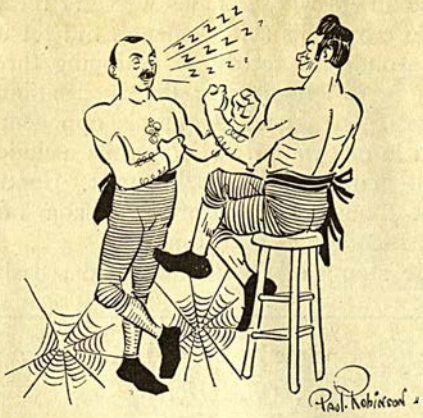
The ring lights consisted of lanterns and candles. The bout was fought with kid gloves, and Ryan won by a knockout in the ninth round.

Later in the same year, Ryan was matched with a boy named Martin Shaughnessy and a suggestion that the bout be held in the ice house was coldly received by fighters and spectators. After investigation, the ring was pitched on the shore of Lake St. Clair, above Detroit. The lights consisted of half a dozen bonfires on the beach.

The bout was under Queensberry rules, with kid gloves, and Ryan won in 46 rounds after three hours of fighting. The scene was a weird one, the fighters at times in bold relief in the glare of the fires, and again barely discernible in the shadows. Tommy Ryan, who won both the welter and middleweight titles, and retired with the middleweight honors, had many strange ring experiences, but none exceeded his ice house and bonfire fights.

One of the singular features of boxing is the disinclination of fighting men to fight on certain occasions. As a general thing, a man who engages in pugilism will fight when facing an opponent in the ring. Yet there have been some notable exceptions to the rule.

Take the case of Jem Mace, the first world's champion in the history of the ring, who retired while holding the title, and Joe Coburn, once champion of America. These men faced each



Ready to go to sleep.

other in the ring for three hours and neither struck a blow. The bout was declared to be a draw. That sort of a bout would not be tolerated nowadays.

When Jim Corbett and PeterJackson, sparred, feinted, and side-stepped for 61 rounds without doing any damage, the bout was declared no contest, and the fighters penalized by the withholding of half of the ten thousand dollar purse.

Mace engaged in another queer bout. He and Joe Goss stood in the ring an hour, and not a blow struck. This also was a draw. Nevertheless Mace proved he was Goss' master by knocking him out on two other occasions. However, Alec Greggains, the man who developed Floyd Johnson and brought him East, is the champion draw fighter of the world. Greggains fought two drawn battles with Buffalo Costello, one of 50 rounds in San Francisco, and one of 89 rounds at Coney Island.

In the first encounter the men were in the ring three hours and 20 minutes, and in the Coney Island long distance tussle, they took five hours and 56 minutes to settle the question of inferiority on the part of both.

Altogether, in both meetings they wasted nine hours and 16 minutes, with no result save weariness to the onlookers. Those who attended the 89-round draw at Coney Island reached their homes in time to say "good morning" to the milkmen.

Have you any old time fight scene photos you want to sell? Let me buy them from you.

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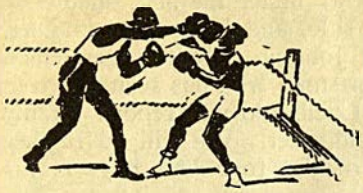
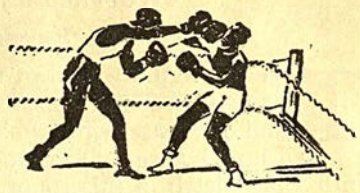


As We See It

Crisp Comment on Current Ring Problems

By NAT FLEISCHER
Publisher and Editor of THE RING



GEORGES CARPENTIER, more or less hero of the famous Battle of the Century, has come to the close of a ring career which has extended over a period of seventeen years. At least, he has outworn his usefulness insofar as the rings of America are concerned. He still may be a big drawing card in that dear Paris, though we are inclined to doubt it.

The Orchid Man wilted badly under the withering fire of Tommy Gibbons' blows in Michigan City on Saturday, May 31. The once proud champion of Europe was reduced to the low level of pleading with the American "not to hit a man with a bad ankle."

Only the day after, in Paris, Eugene Criqui, another champion of France, was knocked out by Danny Frush, a little Englishman who has been seen in this country, but not always under favorable circumstances. If Frush can stop Criqui, then Eugene, too, has reached the end of his pugilistic rope and we are glad to note he has announced his retirement.

* * * * * *

Retains His Gameness

AS for Gorgeous Georges, he retains little but his gameness and his sartorial splendor,—and, his financial acumen. The Carpentier who was forced to take a terrific beating from Gibbons was a mere shell of the stanch and aggressive heavyweight who traded punches with Jack Dempsey at Boyle's Thirty Acres on that muggy July afternoon in 1921.

The Carpentier who fought Dempsey attained the prime of his long career in the memorable second round of that encounter, —the sizzling round in which the Frenchman landed flush on the champion's jaw and staggered him. The Carpentier who retreated before the combativeness of Gibbons had overstayed his welcome in the ring.

* * * * * *

Gibbons Loses Prestige

THE salient development in the contest last Saturday was not the fact that Carpentier was forced to submit to a thorough trouncing and call on every bit of his craft and experience to enable him to listen to the final bell while he still was conscious. The surprise in that Indiana ring was the inability of Gibbons to deliver the knockout punch to an antagonist who repeatedly was on the verge of defeat before the close of the tenth round and who scarcely could offer an aggressive move. Gibbons won, but his performance took some of the luster off a record which had been burnished bright in his brilliant stand against Dempsey at Shelby.

Regret has been expressed by many boxing critics that Carpentier, knowing that he had come to the close of his career, had not seen fit to remain out of an American ring and permit the picture of his glorious second round against Dempsey to stand as the final imprint on the memories of boxing devotees in this country. This attitude idealizes the ring and attempts to sink the financial side of boxing to an inconsequential level. It attempts to ignore the screeching fact that professional boxers are professionals first and boxers second.

* * * * * *

American Gold the Lure

CARPENTIER cared not one whit last Saturday for the film he left behind him just as long as he got another bagful of good American dollars. Though he had seen his best days and Gibbons stood out by reason of his having gone fifteen rounds with Dempsey, the Frenchman proved that he still retained his ability as a businessman by getting the bigger end of the purse. Carpentier received $70,000, Gibbons got $61,000.

Too much for either,—and certainly too much for the beaten man. With an addition of nearly 350,000 francs to his already rich returns from the American boxing public,—returns which greatly exceed the total of his earnings in seventeen years of competition in France, the wilted Orchid Man could well afford to smile through a mask of blue-black bruises in a carmine setting.

Carpentier has sung his swan song in an American ring. America, knowing that he has been paid well for his music, will accept his passing with an absence of feeling, even as Paris accepted his defeat with a shrug of the shoulders and a resumption of the discussion as to France's chances against Uruguay in the Olympic soccer tournament.

* * * * * *

THE French heavyweight has come to the close of a career which, in the matter of years, no modern boxer can approach. In seventeen years Carpentier has fought in every class in pugilism, from the flyweight to the unlimited class.

No athlete, not even Andre, Carpentier or Mlle. Lenglen, has Carpentier opened his career in 1907. Jim Jefferies still was the world's champion then. John L. Sullivan lasted only fourteen years. Jim Corbett went eighteen years. The durable Bob Fitzsimmons went on for twenty-eight years. They fought more often and they fought harder in those days,—and they lasted longer.

Big men of the ring in this era get soft from inaction. Their careers are short,—but the receipts are longer.

* * * * * *

Criqui's Sad Ending

TERMINATION of the ring career of Eugene Criqui, gallant hero of Verdun and the former world featherweight champion, who was knocked out recently in the eighth round by Danny Frush of England, caused general sympathy throughout the sporting world.

No athlete, not even Andre, Carpentier or Mlle. Lenglen, has enjoyed the place in the heart of the French public won by Criqui. He was endeared to all by the spirit, in victory and defeat. He endeared himself even more when he said:

"I'm through. I met a better man in Frush. I've always done my best and I'm satisfied. I can't come back."

Criqui retires with a glorious record. He did four years in the army and was relieved of trench duty only after a part of his jaw had been shot away at Verdun. He went to the United States last year and won the world featherweight championship, which he lost within six weeks to Johnny Dundee because he had given his word before he won the title that he would give Dundee first chance.

He then returned to France and offered his services in a big charity fight when Carpentier had backed out of a promise to fight Siki in the feature bout. Criqui broke his right hand that night and he had to retire for eight months.

The same courage that he mainifested when he stood bleeding and groggy before Dundee for 5 rounds at the Polo Grounds in New York City was manifested in the bout with Frush. Criqui was on the floor three times in the seventh round, but he got up bravely when the crowd began to yell for the referee to stop the uneven contest.

Criqui made a desperate effort in the eighth round when he opened Frush's eye with a final effort, but Frush crashed over a right hand to the jaw and thus ended the career of a war hero, a true spirited fighter and a gentleman of the highest rank.

(*Continued on page* 22)

(*Continued from page* 21)

The Foreign Invasion

THE foreign invasion of the American market in the field of fistiana continues. The desire to obtain American gold and the ease with which any foreign boxer who has worked up advance publicity on his prowess, can force his way into a big match in this country, has caused a flock of foreign title holders in all classes to come to America.

Following on the heels of Luis Firpo, who gained world recognition and a snug little fortune of half a million American dollars in less than one year, five other foreign battlers of note have made their appearance in Uncle Sam's domain, in addition to four lesser lights who have accompanied the "Big Guns" in their quest for gold and glory. Of the foreign stars, three —Georges Carpentier, Emilio Spalla and Luis Vicentini already had been seen in action, while the others, Romero Rojas and Jose Lombardo, were newcomers in our midst.

This influx is certain to be augmented by the addition of four more foreigners before the summer is over, if reports from other lands are correct, and unless American promoters are willing to check the system of alloting the bulk of the big bouts to these newcomers, we can foresee a long period of idleness ahead for the topnotch boxers in all divisions in this country.

* * * * * *

AS we pointed out in our last issue, the practice of giving these foreigners matches in championship or near championship bouts solely on their standing in lands where the champion of his class ranks as a third rater in our country, is all wrong. Boxing commissions throughout the country should insist that these foreigners engage in one or two battles in which their skill be tested prior to signing them for a bout in which they can gather a loser's share of $20,000 or more, this as a protection for the American boxer.

We are firm believers in "Home Trade." We feel that it is a gross insult to American intelligence to have a worn out veteran like Carpentier come here and collect his $75,000 in purse and expenses, just for taking a licking, while men like Jack Renault, a Canadian now making his home here, Harry Wills, Gene Tunney and others are permitted to sit idly by.

* * * * * *

OF the foreign boxers, barring Luis Firpo, who well deserves another chance at Dempsey, the most promising among those who have come to this country in the last year, is Luis Vicentini. Make no mistake about Luis. He is learning more with each day, and is showing such wonderful improvement that with proper guidance, under a tutor of the ability of Jimmy Deforest, Luis Vicentini will be the Only Real Contender for Benny Leonard's crown within a year.

Regardless of the merits of the verdict rendered against Luis in the bout with Dundee, and in Vicentini's favor in his contest with Pal Moran, we think Luis showed conclusively that he is not an over-rated foreigner. He possesses all the essentials of a great fighter, and Tex Rickard is priming him properly for the bout with Leonard which should draw $400,000 or more.

As for Romero, we failed to see wherein he would figure with at least four American light heavyweights, let alone with Jack Dempsey, whom he challenged when he arrived here from Chile. Rojas may be a top notcher some day, but he can be regarded only as a second rater at present. He needs more schooling, and impresses us as a fighter who would be a good pupil. He is a fine absorber of punishment, but lacks every other essential of a champion. He has no boxing technique and in his bout with Floyd Johnson he showed that his punching power is far from having a dynamite kick to it such as Firpo possesses. Romero is a game, aggressive fighter with a fine left handed wallop, but does not measure up to our best. Greb, Tunney, Renault and Tom Gibbons would gain a verdict over him.

For his courage in his bout with Johnson we have nothing but praise for Rojas.

In Jose Lombardo, the Central American featherweight champion, New Yorkers saw a two-fisted, clever fighter who lived up to the reputation which preceded his arrival. Lombardo, with a few more hard fights under his belt, should be ready to tackle Dundee for the title, and let it be said here, despite our great admiration for Johnny, a perfect gentleman in and out of the ring, a true sportsman who has seen fourteen years of campaign, that we feel Lombardo will relieve Johnny of his championship if they should meet. We will go further and say that Lombardo is one of the four best boys at his weight in this country at present.

Romera, Lombardo and Vicentini demonstrated to the American public what great strides boxing is making in foreign lands and it may be just a question of a few more years before Uncle Sam's warriors may be shorn of several of their titles.

* * * * * *

Clarifying the Rules

CHARLES F. MATHISON, efficient New York State boxing judge, and veteran newspaper writer whose well written and highly interesting articles appear regularly in THE RING, *submits the following timely comment for our Editorial Column:*

FROM Michigan City just before the battle came the following over sputtering wires: "Straight rules will prevail," Dickerson said, "and both boxers must protect themselves until ordered to break. The rabbit, kidney and pivot blows will not be permitted. Neither will the boxers be allowed to hit in the breakaway." Referee Dickerson said that should a foul be claimed he would count ten over the fallen boxer and then call a physician into the ring to make an examination. If the examination revealed injury the contest would be awarded to the fouled boxer, but, if the physician ruled otherwise, he would award the contest on a knockout.

* * * * * *

BY "straight rules" (charming euphemism) is meant the combined London and Queensberry codes that were in force previous to the advent of commission rules. There are 12 clauses in the Queensberry rules and 29 in the London code.

Rule 2, Queensberry code, says there shall be no wrestling or hugging. Therefore, if the referee orders the men to break, it is evidence that they are hugging, clinching or holding. That's a radical departure from "straight rules."

Regarding Dickerson's procedure in case of a claim of foul, it would seem that when a referee counts 10 over a boxer who is down, the latter is "out" and his opponent is the winner. Should the referee then reverse his decision on the opinion of a doctor, it would be a severe jolt to clause 25, London rules, which declares that the "decision of the referee must be given promptly and irrevocably." Thus it can be seen that under "straight" rules a referee cannot change his decision. Neither can a referee officiating under modern commission rules change his decision.

Incidentally a referee who cannot see whether a contestant is hit below the belt has no business in the ring. Physical examination in the ring of a boxer claiming a foul, is vulgar nonsense. If the referee says "fair blow" that should settle it.

* * * * * *

Our Boxers in the Olympics

AMERICAN followers of boxing will watch with great interest the progress of our amateur boxers in the coming Olympic games. We have nominated a strong team of twenty-six men, with New York and Los Angeles predominating with five each. Of the three boxers who won titles for us in the Olympics at Antwerp in 1920 only one still is available. He is Eddie Eagan, a Yale man from Denver who is a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford University in England.

Eagan, who some time ago won the British intercollegiate championship by a knockout in the second round, would make a success of it if he turned professional. He is an all around athlete, having played football at Yale. At Antwerp he won the light heavyweight honors. At Paris he will try for the light heavyweight and heavyweight titles and from this neck of the woods looks like a winner of at least one championship.

(*Continued on page* 26)

Mike Glover of Boston

By GEORGE BROTHERS

LAST night I read a short story
Which described a championship fight.
It covered the winner with glory;
It told of his gameness—his might.
As I lay there half-dreaming, half-dozing,
My brain played a curious trick,
For before me arose, in a quaint fighting pose,
A Battler who long since has kicked.
They can write of their Dundees, their Leonards,
And of Ketchel, the gamester sublime,
But I write of one you've forgotten,
Who made all of them go in his time.
He fought all the stars you can mention—
Welters and middles alike;
He knocked some of them dumb,
And was beaten by some,
But they all learned a little from Mike.

He was never a tough, tearing mauler,
Not at all like the present-day crew.
A sort of a dreamer, a staller,
Though his defeats were remarkably few.
Somehow he always looked sleepy—
In fact, he never looked bright;
But his left had the speed
Of a bullet when freed,
And, Gosh, what a whale of a right!
When only a youngster in Gotham
He battled the wily Leach Cross.
And Leachy was then a topnotcher,
And, of lightweights, considered the Boss.
He chose Mike 'cause he thought he could take him,
Could knock him whenever he liked;
But in round number three
Leach was down on his knee,
And he learned about socking from Mike.

He then tackled Kid Graves, the champion,
And the Kid was a tough one to beat;
But after ten rounds of hard fighting
The champ found himself off his feet.
This Graves was as fast as chain-lightning
And like lightning he attempted to strike;
But in round number four
He lay stretched on the floor,
And he learned about boxing from Mike.
Jack Britton, now called the Old Master,
Had cleaned up all comers in sight;
He might still be an unbeaten champion
Had he not stopped to battle with Mike.
This tale is the truth quite unvarnished,
Believe it or not, as you like;
But in round number five
Jack looked scarcely alive,
And he learned about boxing from Mike.

Ted Lewis, of jolly old London,
Was taking them fast as they'd come;
He boxed Mike a twelve-rounder in Boston,
And Mike made Ted look like a bum.
Ted started off like a sure winner,
But in the sixth he started to hike,
And there wasn't a doubt,
At the end of the bout,
He, too, had a lesson from Mike.
Matt Wells, another British wonder,
That had cleaned up a bunch of soft dough—
He, too, fought Mike a twelve-rounder;
He, too, by Mike was laid low.
Jim Duffy, Joe Egan, and Bartfield,
Jeff Smith, and all of the rest,
And even the doughty Levinsky
Were among those who came out second best.

You ask why he never was champion,
Why he never won fame and renown;
I'll answer your question quite plainly,
I'll tell why he died an unknown.
His road work consisted of joy rides,
His training—wine, woman and song;
So, instead of a champion,
He turned to tramping,
And, like many another, went wrong.

FOOTLIGHTS AND FOOTWORK

(*Continued from page* 15)

known," she admitted instantly. "Probably they were rush spreaders."

"More than likely," I responded.

Therese was silent for a moment.

"I was just wondering," she said when she spoke again, "which one of us it was."

"Was what—?" I questioned.

"Just was," she replied enigmatically.

Suddenly a doubt seized me and, yielding to it, I am afraid I was jolly well abrupt.

"Are you married, Therese?" I demanded.

"Well, if you aren't the one for thinking up new ones," she said. "Why do you ask that: do you think there's any danger of my being married?"

And then, because of some impulse I can't jolly well explain, since nothing had gone before that would lead up to such an assertion on my part, I whispered solemnly, "Yes! You are in danger of being married."

"Who am I going to catch it from?" asked Therese.

"From me!" I said. "From me. You and I are going to be married."

Therese smiled indulgently.

"If you aren't still thinking up new ones," she commented. Then, after a silence, she spoke slowly.

"All right," she said, "if you insist. But I warn you I'm an awful poor scrubwoman. Acres are away beyond me."

Fancy that? The poor girl was afraid that Scrub Acres referred to her duties instead of to the home of the Waffle-Waffles. Just fancy. Rum notion, eh, wot, old thing?

The Ring's Compilation of Champions Throughout the World

World Champions	Heavyweight	Light-Heavyweight	Middleweight	Welterweight	Lightweight	Featherweight	Bantamweight	Flyweight
	Dempsey	McTigue	Greb	Walker	Leonard	Dundee	Goldstein	Villa
Country								
America	Dempsey	Tunney	Greb	Walker	Leonard	*Dundee	Goldstein	Genaro
England	Bloomfield	Bloomfield	Todd	Lewis	Mason	Geo. McKenzie	Brown	*Open
France	Carpentier	Morelle	Charles	Porcher	Bretonnel	Ledoux	Routis	Gleizes
Belgium	Van Humbeck	Julios	Devos	Hobin	Germain	Hebrans	Scillie	Montreuil
Holland	Van Der Veer	Westbroeck	Westbroeck	Van derHoff	Van derHoff	Van Vliet	Van Dyke	(Vacant)
Italy	Spalla	Contro	Bruno	Bosisio	Sarboni	(Vacant)	Bosetti	Marzorati
Germany	Breittenstraeter	Buckzum	Prenzel	(Vacant)	Naujocks	Sasse	Grass	Kohler
Spain	Teixidor	Molero	Carlos	Ailo	Zaldwar	Miro	(Vacant)	Ferrand
Switzerland	Clement	Clement	Baechli	Maestrini	Baas	Simeth	(Vacant)	(Vacant)
Australia	Ern Sheppeard	Ern Waddy	Tommy Uren	Fred Kay	Hugh Dwyer	Ernie Baxter	J. Semmens	Geo. Mendies
Europe	Carpentier (France)	McTigue (Ireland)	Todd (England)	Ailo (Spain)	Bretonnel	Ledoux (France)	Brown (England)	Montreuil (Belgium)
Orient	.....	.....	.....	I. Flores (Philippines)	S. Jaminito (Philippines)	T. Pandong (Philippines)	P. Sarmiento (Philippines)	F. Conception (Philippines)

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*Wilde and Kilbane retired.

Revised to Date.

Results of Boxing Bouts

MAY

7—San Francisco:
Billy Gibbs knocked out Ed McGovern, three rounds.
Johnny Williams beat Bobby Ertle, four rounds.
Sammy Lee beat Kid Magsambol, four rounds.
Sailor Lee and Bud Nolan, four-round draw.
Jack O'Dair beat Louis Santamaria, four rounds.
Jimmy Dargo beat Bobby Gray, four rounds.
Rudy Sandino beat Al Robinson, four four rounds.

9—Madison Square Garden, New York City:
Floyd Johnson knocked out Quintin Romero Rojas, seven rounds.
Morris Schlaifer knocked out Harry Martin, six rounds.
Joe Stossell knocked out Tommy Gardner, three rounds.
Sandy Seifert beat Freddy Schultz, four rounds.
Carl Johnson beat George Erntoich, four rounds.
Jim Sigmund knocked out Dan O'Connell, three rounds.
Alex Sclair beat Frank Yarchan, four rounds.

9—Syracuse, N. Y.:
Johnny Darcy knocked out Canastota Bob, two rounds.

9—Fall River, Mass.:
Chick Suggs beat Harry Martin, ten rounds.

9—Portland, Me.:
Bobby Ruttenberg beat Charley Baxter, twelve rounds.

9—New Orleans, La.:
Johnny Buff beat Frankie Demari, fifteen rounds.

9—Amsterdam, N. Y.:
Tommy McAleer and Al Cross, ten-round draw.

10—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Johnny Reisler beat Johnny Gardner, twelve rounds.
Wilbur Cohen beat Mike Castle, twelve rounds.

10—105th Field Artillery Armory, New York City:
Nick Mercer beat Danny Edwards, ten rounds.
Jackie Marlowe beat Vincent Peppe, ten rounds.

10—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Willie Kohler beat Harry Mulcahy, six rounds.
Jimmy Russo beat Nat Pincus, six rounds.
Joey Silcers beat Harry Deuer, six rounds.
Milton Cohen beat Max Savitsky, six rounds.
Rudy Miller beat Jack Pry, six rounds.

10—Ninth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Buddy Saunders beat Johnny Martin, twelve rounds.
Jack Demeve beat Sailor Stafford, six rounds.

10—14th Regiment Armory, New York City:
Bob Anderson beat Nat Brandt, ten rounds.
Eddie Lee beat Soldier Jones, six rounds.

12—Scranton, Pa.:
Billy Pollock knocked out Lew Herman, first round.
Billy Calphin knocked out Johnny Rose, three rounds.
Tony Occipent beat Fighting Butch Dickson, six rounds.
Johnny Ceccoli knocked out Paddy Durkan, sixth round.

12—Allentown, Pa.:
Allentown Johnny Leonard beat Al Shubert, ten rounds.
Whitey Grey knocked out Joe Maguire, six rounds.
Norman Sicker knocked out Bull Cashone, second round.
Buck Doyle knocked out Sergeant Dugan, second round.
Dan O'Connell beat Wild Bill Petiz, six rounds.

12—Harrisburg, Pa.:
Lew Mayer beat Eddie Ochs, eight rounds.
Battling Williard beat Hummer Hummel, eight rounds.

12—Philadelphia, Pa.:
George Godfrey knocked out Farmer Lodge, third round.
Bobby Barrett knocked out Sammy Hewitt, six rounds.
Jimmy Sacco knocked out Frankie Rucker, third round.
Whitey Fitzgerald knocked out Johnny Griffiths, eighth round.
Jack Kitchell beat Jim Brennan, six rounds.

12—Baltimore, Md.:
Bobby Garcia beat Earl Baird, twelve rounds.

12—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Bob Lawson won on a foul from Kid Norfolk, six rounds.

12—Trenton, N. J.:
Tommy Noble and Young Brown, twelve-round draw.

12—Sao Paulo, Brazil:
Ermaino Spalla knocked out Benedcito Santos, three rounds.

12—Cincinnati, Ohio:
Warnie Smith beat Alex Trambitas, ten rounds.

12—Detroit, Mich.:
Sid Barbarian and Ray Mitchell, draw, ten rounds.

12—Pittsburgh, Pa.:
Harry Greb beat Pal Reed, ten rounds.

12—Dayton, Ohio:
Joe Delaney and Johnny Tillman, ten-round draw.

12—Lancaster, Pa.:
Rosey Stoy knocked out Tommy Murray, third round.

13—Pioneer Sporting Club, New York City:
Tommy Milton beat Corporal Izzy Schwartz, ten rounds.
Henny Gatena beat Johnny Breslin, ten rounds.
Al Felder beat Sammy Bienfeld, ten rounds.
Charley Izzo beat Davey Abed, six rounds.
Pio Melchoir beat Jackie Kelly, four rounds.

13—27th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Jack Marsh knocked out Sid Buller, two rounds.
Jimmy Brown and George Mahler, six-round draw.

13—Bayonne, N. J.:
Billy Vidabeck knocked out Jay Lanahan, six rounds.
Joe Kline won on a foul from Gats Gargano, third round.

13—Boston, Mass.:
Abe Friedman beat Tommy New, ten rounds.
Frankie Hebert beat Young Denico, ten rounds.

13—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Billy Wells won on a foul from Bert Colima, one round.

14—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Tiger Flowers knocked out Willie Walker, seven rounds.
Chick Suggs knocked out Nick Mercer, five rounds.

14—Mariesville, R. I.:
Jack Renault knocked out Joe White, seven rounds.

14—Mitchell Field, L. I.:
Lew Chester and Frank Carpenter, ten-round draw.

14—San Francisco, Calif.:
Ray Pelkey and Jack Reeves, four-round draw.
Stewart McLean beat Mike De Pinto, four rounds.
Jimmy McLarin knocked out Abie Gordon, second round.
Archie Walker beat Teddy O'Hara, four rounds.
Floyd Glotzback knocked out Billy Farrel, one round.
Jack O'Dair beat Johnny Thompson, four rounds.

14—San Francisco, Calif.:
Billy Gibbs knocked out Barney Tooley, second round.
Sailor Smith beat Jack Shirley, four rounds.
Soldier Burke beat Truck Hannah, four rounds.
Sammy Lee beat Jimmy Rose, four rounds.
Mike Denton and Johnny Fiske, four-round draw.
Young Genard and Rudy Sandino, four-round draw.
Kewpie Eckland beat Jimmy Bruggs, four rounds.
Jimmy O'Dow knocked out Gilbert Attell, second round.

14—Omaha, Neb.:
Jim (Tiny) Herman knocked out Mike Conroy, six rounds.

14—Portland, Ore.:
Johnny Trambitas beat Johnny O'Donnell, ten rounds.

14—Aberdeen, S. D.:
Al Van Ryan knocked out Battling Krause, eight rounds.

14—San Bernando:
Tommy Carter beat Tommy Comiskey, four rounds.

15—Rink Sporting Club, New York City:
Vincent Pepper Martin knocked out Sammy Seiger, six rounds.
Johnny Vastri and Charley Kid Kohler, six-round draw.
Willie Seuss beat Al Leibowitz, six rounds.
Frankie Albano beat Izzy Cooper, six rounds.
Mickey Nelson and Benny Tell, six-round draw.

15—102nd Medical Regiment Armory, New York City:
Vincent Sanxhez knocked out Dutch Eckhardt, three rounds.
Jack Demave knocked out Charley Hoffman, eight rounds.
Tommy Fay knocked out Joe Frisco, four rounds.
Otto Pierce knocked out Johnny Esmus, three rounds.

15—Columbus Sporting Club, Yonkers, N. Y.:
Frankie Ritchie beat Johnny Rocco, ten rounds.
Joe Cavalier beat Ted Zeegward, eight rounds.

15—Charleston, S. C.:
Lew Meyers beat Luke Tenner, ten rounds.

15—Montclair, N. J.:
George Mulholland knocked out Joe Pitt, three rounds.

15—San Jose, Calif.:
Chick Roach beat Indian Charles Rogers, four rounds.
Joe Powell and Jack Thomson, four-round draw.
Joe Dunn beat Cyclone Gavvy, four rounds.

15—Aberdeen, Wash.:
Truman Davis knocked out Tommy McCarthy, three rounds.

15—San Bernardino, Calif.:
Jack Rusoo beat Johnny Weber, four rounds.

15—Tacoma, Wash.:
Young Carmen and Mike O'Leary four-round draw.

15—San Pedro, Calif.:
Larry Murphy beat Billy Young, four rounds.

16—Phoenix. Ariz.:
Billy Alger knocked out Sid Marks, fifth round.

16—Sacramento, Calif.:
Billy Giffo beat Jack Sherley, four rounds.

16—San Francisco, Calif.:
Russ Pierce beat Joe Schlocker, four rounds.
Joe Layman beat Frisco Lewis, four rounds.
Joe Pimenthal and Harry Wallace, four-round draw.
Sammy Olsen beat Mel Smith, four rounds.
Pat Borbett beat Al Williams, four rounds.
Tommy Gonzales beat Sailor Offerman, four rounds.

16—Louisville, Ky.:
Sammy Mandell beat Jack Bernstein, twelve rounds.
Billy Britton beat Frank Fay, eight rounds.

16—Syracuse, N. Y.:
Bushey Graham beat Irish Johnny Curtin, ten rounds.

16—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Al Markie knocked out Roya Moore, four rounds.

16—Portland, Me.:
Joe McCann and Battling McCreay, twelve-round draw.
Johnny McIntyre beat Johnny Williams, ten rounds.

16—Barberton, Ohio:
Johnny Klesch beat Billy Conley, ten rounds.

17—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Ted Moore beat Jamaica Kid, twelve rounds.
Joe Mandell beat Eddie Rielly, twelve rounds.
Joe Kirschner knocked out Tommy Blair, second round.
Eddie Levy and Al Fugaro, four-round draw.

17—Ninth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Frankie Houlihan beat Danny Edwards, twelve rounds.
Harry Murk won on a foul from Bobby Wagner, five rounds.
Frank O'Neill knocked out Dick Coulin, second round.

17—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Jimmy Russo beat Wilbur Cohen, six rounds.
Kid Henry beat August Pisano, six rounds.
Jimmy Cancro and Al Polio, six round draw.
Archie Bell beat Max Maravernick, six rounds.
Enrique Servido and Al Freely, six-round draw.

17—14th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn:
Peter Hayes beat Joe Stanley, ten rounds.
Jimmy Ryder beat Henry Shaw, eight rounds.
Abe Cohen beat Larry Hanson, six rounds.
Lee Williams beat Al Kale, six rounds.
Joey Fox beat Joe Palmer, six rounds.

17—Boston, Mass.:
Pat McCarty beat Pal Reed, ten rounds.

17—Mexico City, Mexico:
Mike Vasquez knocked out Frankie McFarland, one round.
Carlos Pavon knocked out Albretch Koenig, six rounds.
Tenato Torres knocked out Manuel Diaz, four rounds.

19—Lenox Sporting Club, New York City:
Jackie Marlowe knocked out Frankie Fasano, ten rounds.
Lew Hurley knocked out Joe Geller, three rounds.
Lew Goldberg beat Felix Friedman, six rounds.
Joe Grillo knocked out Jack Wright, five rounds.
Ray Watson beat Horace Grant, four rounds.

19—Chicago, Ill.:
Bobby Garcia beat Mickey O'Dowd, ten rounds.

19—Troy, N. Y.:
Willie Harmon beat Mike Dempsey, twelve rounds.

19—Pittsfield, Mass.:
Lew Perfetti knocked out Young Manning, two rounds.
Al Peavy beat Young Jess, ten rounds.

19—Bridgeport, Conn.:
Frank Moody knocked out Lou Bogash, eleven rounds.

19—Wilkesbarre, Pa.:
Dave Shade and Pete Latzo, ten-round draw.

19—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Tommy Loughren and Ad Stone, ten-round draw.
Terry McHugh beat Tommy Murray, ten rounds.
Bud Chriastano beat Jimmy Groodrich, ten rounds.
Eddie Kid Wagner beat Mickey Travis, ten rounds.

19—Columbus, O.:
Herbie Schaeffer beat Phil O'Dowd, twelve rounds.

19—Venice, Calif.:
Eddie Anderson beat Joe Medina, four rounds.

19—New Orleans, La.:
Eddie Brady and Charley Feraci, fifteen-round draw.

19 —San Francisco, Calif.:

20—Denver, Colo.:
Kid Max and Eddie McCarthy, four-round draw.

20—San Antonio, Texas:
Kid Dugan beat Chuck Burns, twelve rounds.

20—Los Angeles, Calf.:
Teddy Silva beat Young Nationalista, four rounds.

20—San Jose, Calif.:
Jack Reeves knocked out John Alex, second round.
Hank Roberts beat Eddie St. Clair, four rounds.
Sapeda beat Mimmich, four rounds.
Eddie Kelly beat Young Russell, four rounds.
Harry Fargo beat Roy Moore, four rounds.

20—Pioneer Sporting Club, New York City:
Eddie Burnbrook beat Paul Doyle, twelve rounds.
Maxie Rosenblum beat Jimmy Amato, six rounds.
Dave Webber knocked out Ernie Kohler, two rounds.
Charley Rosen knocked out Lew Reno, four rounds.
Otto Goldberg beat Joe Carmel, four rounds.

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20—47th Regiment Armory, New York City:
Sapper Cohen and Joe Piteo, six-round draw.
Tony Darcy knocked out Eddie Nedzel, one round.
Sailor De Cruze knocked out Lew Cohen, four rounds.
Danny Price beat Nat Brandt, six rounds.
Kid Blackie and Mario Guida, six-round draw.
20—Binghamton, N. Y.:
Rocky Kansas beat Freddy Jacks, six rounds.
20—San Antonio, Texas:
Kid Dugan beat Chick Birns, twelve rounds.
21—Mitchell Field, L. I.:
Jackie Marlowe knocked out Enrique Savardo, five rounds.
Mickey Romano won on a foul from Billy Marlowe, four rounds.
Harry Mulcahy and Nick Lapurta, six-round draw.
21—Mariesville, R. I.:
Nate Seigel knocked out Jimmy Finley, four rounds.
21—Cincinnati, Ohio:
Fred Archer beat Billy Ryan, ten rounds.
22—Stockton, Calif.:
Billy Bonillas beat Sammy Leo, four rounds.
Mike Brennan beat Kid Arvala, four rounds.
22—San Jose, Calif.:
Jack Reeves and Frankie Denny, four-round draw.
Gene Cline beat Young Dudley, four rounds.
Stabley Willis and Tom Vahey, four rounds.
Kid Risty beat Fernando Herman, four rounds.
Charley Papada beat Eddie Clark, four rounds.
Pepper Gato knocked out Jackie Miller, one round.
Bat Spoon knocked out Dynamite Murray, third round.
22—Stockholm, Sweden:
Harry Pearson knocked out Guiseppe Spalla, seventh round.
22—Rink Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Joe Stoessel and George Mulholland, eight-round draw.
Fred Mace knocked out Joe Silvani, five rounds.
Frank Carpenter beat Ed Kelley, eight rounds.
Sandy Siefert knocked out Frank Johns, five rounds.
Alex Sclair knocked out Jim Sigmund, three rounds.
Tom Lazuka beat Dan Lieber, four rounds.
22—102nd Medical Regiment Armory, New York City:
Billy Wells knocked out Mickey Marks, seven rounds.
Al Studdy beat Otto Pierce, eight rounds.
Marty Powell knocked out Eddie Lee, seven rounds.
Kid Rash and Jack Rafferty, eight-round draw.
22—West Hoboken, N. J.:
Bill Kennedy beat Mickey Walters, eight rounds.
Andy Lake and Pipe Damie, eight-round draw.
23—Waterbury, Conn.:
Cuddy Demarco beat Lew Paluso, ten rounds.
Willie Shrugue beat Young Lubby, ten rounds.
Emil Paluso knocked out Bobby Burns, first round.
23—Lewiston, Me.:
Bing Conley beat Jackie Clark, twelve rounds.
23—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Jack Eshelman knocked out Sailor McClough, three rounds.
23—Nostrand A. C., Brooklyn:
Eddie Cannonball Martin beat Jack Snyder, ten rounds.
Sid Terris knocked out Andy Chaney, two rounds.
Tony Vacarrelli beat Johnny Leonard, ten rounds.
Joey Silvers beat Johnny Kochansky, six rounds.
Willie O'Connell beat Arnold Ryan, four rounds.
23—Broadway A. A., Bayonne, N. J.:
Tommy Gerard beat Lew Snyder, ten rounds.
Ben Smith knocked out Billy McCann, one round.
Jimmy Brown knocked out Frankie Eller, one round.
23—Cleveland, Ohio:
Dave Shade beat Morris Syhlaifer, ten rounds.
Charley Goodman knocked out Carl Tremaine, four rounds.
Johnny Karr and Frankie Schoell, ten-round draw.
23—Syracuse, N. Y.:
Bobby Moll beat Johnny Darcy, six rounds.
23—Mt. Holly, N. J.:
Jeff Smith knocked out K. O. Sansom, two rounds.
23—Rochester, N. Y.:
Phil Verdi beat Young Montreal, ten rounds.
Lefty Thomas knocked out Benny Gould, seven rounds.
Cubby Brown beat Frankie Bull, ten rounds.
23—Scranton, Pa.:
Ty Coleman beat Al Felder, ten rounds.
23—New Bedford, Mass.:
Jimmy Goodrich beat Charley Young Manty, ten rounds.
23—Manchester, N. H.:
Bobby Ruttenberg beat Eddie Polo, ten rounds.
24—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Ansell Bell beat Spencer Gardner, twelve rounds.
Al Brown beat Joe Coletti, twelve rounds.
Milton Cohen beat Eddie Olicer, six rounds.
Benny Nabers and Joe Carmel, four-round draw.
24—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, New York City:
Charley Kohler beat Pete Zivic, six rounds.
Frankie Houlihan beat George Fitzsimmons, six rounds.
Frankie Albano beat Joey Kaufmann, six rounds.
Max Savistsky beat Benny Tell, six rounds.
Tommy Duffy beat Ive Herrellou, six rounds.
Mike Durano knocked out Joe Governale, three rounds.
24—Ninth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Lee Wood knocked out Tommy Fay, one round.
Wee Jimmy Collins beat Frankie Cronin, eight rounds.
24—105th Field Artillery, the Bronx, New York City:
Jimmy Ryder beat Jimmy Roberts, eight rounds.
Joe Abrams beat Sailor Blackie, six rounds.
Sammy Fritts beat Sailor De Cruze, six rounds.
Frankie Caruso beat Joe Martino, six rounds.
Pete Marino beat Pete Chanler, six rounds.
24—Buenos Aires:
Joe Boykin beat Angel Rodriquez, twenty rounds.
24—Memphis, Tenn.:
Johnny Breslin knocked out Kid Riley, one round.
26—Venice, Calif.:
Sailor Ashmore and Lefty Cooper, four-round draw.
26—Memphis, Tenn.:
Johnny Carlson beat Gene Martielli, eight rounds.
26—Broadway Exhibition Assn., Brooklyn:
Larry Goldberg beat Johnny Gray, ten rounds.
Jackie Gordon beat Jackie Marlowe, ten rounds.
Willie Lamorte beat Wilbur Cohen, ten rounds.
26—Lenox Sporting Club, New York City:
Jack Worman won on a foul from Frankie Maxwell, nine rounds.
Lew Hurley knocked out Billy Ryckoff, two rounds.
26—Boston, Mass.:
Johnny Sheppard beat Abe Goldstein, ten rounds.
Eddie Polo beat Nat Pincus, eight rounds.
Bobby Byson beat Johnny Harko, five rounds.
Dinny McGlynn beat Joe Mandell, ten rounds.
26—Lynn, Mass.:
Eddie Williams beat Mick McAdam, ten rounds.
26—Pittsburgh, Pa.:
Jack Zivic beat Ray Mitchell, ten rounds.
26—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Jimmy Slattery beat Jackie Clark, six rounds.
26—Kenilworth, Md.:
Bobby Garcia beat Kid Peck, twelve rounds.
26—Bridgeport, Conn.:
Steve Smith beat Tommy Noble, ten rounds.
Jimmy Bones beat Nick Mercer, ten rounds.
26—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Billy Pimpus beat Young Mannie Sharkey, eight rounds.
Indian Russell beat Allen Howard, ten rounds.
26—Troy, N. Y.:
Young Testo beat Dave Webber, ten rounds.
Lew Chester beat Soldier Kearns, ten rounds.
26—Beaver Falls, Pa.:
Frankie Porto beat Pete Zivic, ten rounds.
26—Wheeling, W. Va.:
Dan O'Dowd beat Jack Burke, ten rounds.
26—Aurora, Ill.:
Bud Taylor and Joe O'Hara, ten-round draw.
Joe O'Hara beat Anthony Downey, ten rounds.
Willie Ames beat Frankie Garcia, ten rounds.
Herbie Schlaifer and Billy McCann, ten-round draw.
26—Greenville, S. C.:
Tiny Fred Roberts knocked out Jack Brooks, second round.
Irish Denny Cline knocked out Billy Madden, two rounds.
Young Bob Martin and Tom Jones, eight-round draw.
26—Lancaster, Pa.:
Tommy Murray beat Len Brenner, eight rounds.
Abe Logeman knocked out Sam Blackiston, one round.
27—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Bert Colima beat Billy Wells, four rounds.
28—Pasadena, Calif.:
Ernie Hood beat Kid Ponce, four rounds:
28—San Francisco, Calif.:
Jack Silver beat Archie Walker, four rounds.
Benny Vierra beat Harry Stone, four rounds.
Jimmy Darrah beat Johnny Burns, four rounds.
Chick Roach beat Joe Reach, four rounds.
Tommy O'Leary won on a foul from Joe Leopold, one round.
Mickey O'Donnell and Bobby Ertle, four-round draw.
Sammy Santes beat Johnny Lawson, four rounds.
28—San Francisco, Calif.:
Ed McGovern beat Sailor Smith, four rounds.
Tim Callaghan knocked out Al Williams, two rounds.
Eddie Doody beat Frankie Brown, four rounds.
Sammy Lee beat Johnny Martin, four rounds.
Soldier Burke and Jack O'Dare, four-round draw.
George Decer and Jimmy O'Dowd, four-round draw.
Johnny Fiske and Kid Denicio, four-round draw.
Mike Fenton and Tommy Murray, four-round draw.
28—New Haven, Conn.:
Young Stribling beat Ray Neuman, ten rounds.
28—Fall River, Mass.:
Frank Moody beat George Robinson, ten rounds.
28—Columbus, O.:
Kid Norfolk knocked out Tut Jackson, two rounds.
28—Portland, Ore.:
Fighting Bob Lowrey beat Wildman Gould, twelve rounds.
28—Toledo, O.:
Ted Joyce beat Walter Graystack, ten rounds.
29—Waco, Texas:
Jimmy Campbell beat Johnny Celmars, ten rounds.
Kid Rich beat Country Boy Lance, ten rounds.
Jack Dalton beat Young Stallard, eight rounds.
Al Marshbank beat Kid Trull, six rounds.
29—Rink Sporting Club, New York City:
Italian Joe Gans beat Vic McCaughlin, twelve rounds.
Billy Gilmore beat Frankie Engel, twelve rounds.
Charley Rosen beat Ray Davis, six rounds.
Harry Gaba beat Freddy Locke, six rounds.
Benny Nabers beat Joey Kaufman, four rounds.
29—102nd Medical Regiment Armory, New York City:
Frankie Houlihan and Vincent Sanchez, eight-round draw.
Young Peppe beat Sonny Cashin, eight rounds.
Jack DeMavem knocked out Jack O'Day, three rounds.
29—Albany, N. Y.:
Eddie Burnbrook knocked out Fred Archer, eight rounds.
Paddy Ryan beat Red Mack, ten rounds.
29—London, England:
Jack Bloomfield knocked out Dick Smith, four rounds.
29—Trenton, N. J.:
Tommy Kid Murphy and Charley Manty, ten-round draw.
29—Boston, Mass.:
Eddie Shevlin knocked out Tansey Norton, four rounds.
29—Syracuse, N. Y.:
Jimmy Slattery beat Young Fisher, ten rounds.
29—Lowell, Mass.:
Billy Murphy beat Frankie Rossi, ten rounds.
29—Canton, Ohio:
Morrie Sclaofer knocked out Johnny Farr, one round.
30—Nostrand A. C., Brooklyn:
Pancho Villa beat Frankie Ash, fifteen rounds.
Mike Ballerino beat Kid Sullivan, twelve rounds.
Vic Brog beat Joe Scogni, six rounds.
George Doherty beat Claude Hancock, four rounds.
30—Steeplechase A. A., Far Rockaway:
Johnny Clinton knocked out Mohawk Jimmy Coffey, four rounds.
Spencer Gardner beat Al Pettingill, ten rounds.
30—Long Branch, N. J.:
Bruno Frattini beat Maxie Rosenblum, ten rounds.
Vincent Salvatore and Nick Mercer, ten-round draw.
30—Englewood, N. J.:
Sparkplug Russell beat Jimmy Tomasula, ten rounds.
30—Scranton, Pa.:
Jimmy Goodrich and Bobby Tracey, ten rounds.
30—Indianapolis, Ind.:
Tommy Ryan beat Bud Taylor, ten rounds.
Jeff Smith beat Joe Lohman, ten rounds.
31—Michigan City, Ind.:
Tommy Gibbons beat Georges Carpentier, ten rounds.
31—Detroit, Mich.:
Sid Barbarian beat Ray Mitchell, ten rounds.
31—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Jimmy Russo beat Mickey Nelson, six rounds.
Johnny Kochansky beat Kid Henry, six rounds.
Billy Vidabeck knocked out Al Ellison, second round.
Tommy Gordon beat Scotty Williams, four rounds.
31—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Larry Estridge knocked out Rocky Smith, five rounds.
Buddy Saunders beat Pat Mills, twelve rounds.
Andy Tonaskey beat Ivan Hawes, six rounds.
Otto Goldberg beat Billy Maytell, four rounds.
31—Ninth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Jimmy Foley and Mickey Whalen, six-round draw.
Tommy Lequire beat Nat Brandt, six rounds.
Otto Miles lost on a foul to Bobby Francis, two rounds.
31—14th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn:
Bobby Wagner beat Frankie Coster, twelve rounds.
Jack O'Neill beat Andy Williams, eight rounds.
31—Oklahoma City, Okla.:
Irving Goldberg beat Kid Grandid, ten rounds.

JUNE

2—Pittsburgh, Pa.:
Eddie Shevlin beat Eddie Burnbrook, ten rounds.
2—Norwalk, Conn.:
Young Rocco and Johnny Brown, ten-round draw.
Young Angelo beat Georgie Day, ten rounds.
2—Springfield, Mass.:
Bobby Garcia beat Willie Davis, twelve rounds.
2—Lorain, Ohio:
Homer Smith beat Johnny Riske, ten rounds.
2—Youngstown, Ohio:
Floyd Johnson knocked out Jack Clifford, third round.
2—London, England:
George McKenzie beat Harry Leach, twenty rounds.
2—Troy, N. Y.:
Pete Zivic and Jimmy Mendo, ten-round draw.
2—Zanesville, Ohio:
Billy Britton beat Billy Conley, ten rounds.
2—Madison Square Garden, New York:
Johnny Dundee beat Luis Vincentini, twelve rounds.
K. O. Phil Kaplan won on a foul from Harry Martone, seven rounds.
Mickey Brown beat Joe Scappatone, eight rounds.
Jimmy Cancro and Frankie Quill, six-round draw.
Jackie Coburn beat Red Cap Wilson, four rounds.
2—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Mickey Walker beat Lew Tendler, ten rounds.
Joe Tiplitz beat Dan Gartin, eight rounds.
Johnny Mealy beat Pedri Campo, eight rounds.
2—New Orleans, La.:
Tommy Freeman beat Pinkie Mitchell, fifteen rounds.
2—New Orleans, La.:
Tommy Freeman beat Pinkey Mitchell, fifteen rounds.

(*Continued on page* 26)

As We See It

(*Continued from page 22*)

Former Champions Now Pros

MALLIN, the Englishman who won the middleweight championship in 1920, is going to the Olympics again. All the other Olympic champions of four years ago, including Frankie Genaro, Sam Mossberg, Fritsch, the French lightweight, have turned professional.

At Antwerp our boxers had a lot of trouble with the officials, some of which was due to the boxers and a lot of it to the officials. Just why the Olympic Committees abroad persist in appointing referees and judges who know little about their sports, is a mystery which we on this side cannot fathom.

Still, let us remember that the boxing rules, for example, which govern amateur competition over there, differ from ours. In this country we set a lot of importance on infighting. Over there infighting is not permitted. Hitting on the breakaway results in disqualification. The rabbit and kidney punches also are barred. Our boxers have a habit of ignoring rules, but in the Olympics, especially with an American in the ring, the rules are enforced most vigorously and rigorously.

* * *

Spike Webb in Charge

"SPIKE" WEBB, boxing coach at Annapolis, is in charge of our Olympic team, just as he was at Antwerp. He knows the Olympic rules to a nicety and is drilling our men in them. He has warned the American boxers to drop their bad habits and develop the ability to score at long range. That's what counts for most over there.

"I noticed that at the national championships at Boston the crowd applauded blows which at the Olympics would disqualify a boxer," said Webb the other day. "The blows which count most with our judges would not count for anything with the judges in Europe. They don't like our infighting. They cannot develop that style and they don't like anybody who becomes expert in it.

"However, we will try to meet their requirements. All we ask is a square deal. Sometimes American boxers do not get that over on the other side."

Judging from the welcome which our athletes have got over there, our boxers had better be on their guard and stick to the rules as they never stuck to them before.

* * *

A Bit of This and That

FORMER Gov. Cray of Indiana, in a fit of virtuous indignation, refused to permit Dempsey to box in that state. Mr. Cray is now in the Pen serving a sentence on conviction of using mails to defraud. Gov. Branch permitted the Carpentier-Gibbons bout to take place. Gov. Branch at least is not hypocritical.

* * * * * *

ADMIRER of John L. Sullivan declares "Boston Strong Boy" loved to fight. Possibly, but his love grew cold whenever he was challenged by Peter Jackson, Frank P. Slavin, Joseph Goddard or Robert Fitzsimmons.

* * * * * *

SINGULAR assertion made (not by Boxing Commission) to the effect that title cannot change hands unless provided for in articles of agreement. Per contra: If a challenger enters ring at weight of class, and defeats champion by k. o. or on points, the title changes hands. It matters not if champion is overweight.

Results of Boxing Bouts—(*Continued from page 25*)

2—Venice, Calif.:
Bert Colima knocked out Jackie Clark, second round.
2—Aberdeen, Calif.:
Ted Krache beat Georgie Lavigne, four rounds.
3—Nostrand A. C., Brooklyn:
Sid Terris beat Eddie Kid Wagner, twelve rounds.
Charley Phil Rosenberg beat Sonny Smith, ten rounds.
Delos Williams and Johnny Breslin, six-round draw.
Harry Felix beat Frankie Albano, four rounds.
3—47th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn:
Joey Baker won on a foul from Sapper Cohen, four rounds.
Tony Darcy and Eddie Brown, eight-round draw.
3—Albany, N. Y.:
Frankie Lafay and Tony Palmer, ten-round draw.
Soldier Kearns beat Howard Hall, ten rounds.
Giovanni Salerno knocked out Johnny Cinny, nine rounds.
3—Fairview, N. J.:
Bob Fitzsimmons beat Joe Boreel, twelve rounds.
Willie Stanton beat Harry Kronard, ten rounds.
3—San Antonio, Texas:
Kid Pancho knocked out Jack Boyle, six rounds.
3—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Jack Dempsey knocked out Rocco Stranmalia, two rounds.
Jack Dempsey knocked out Joe Ryan, one round.
Jack Dempsey knocked out Eli Stanton, one round.
Jimmy Duffy beat Billy Wells, four rounds.
3—Los Angeles, Calif.:
George Rivers beat Frankie Grandetta, four rounds.
Gene Delmont and Sailor Jimmy Hackley, four-round draw.
Jimmy Duffy beat Billy Wells, four rounds.
Dode Bercot beat Don Davis, four rounds.
4—Velodrome, New York City:
Sid Barbarian beat Jack Bernstein, twelve rounds.
Mickey Travers beat Johnny Reisler, ten rounds.
Georgie Doherty beat Danny Williams, six rounds.
Danny Lee beat Willie Darcy, six rounds.
Nick Quagarelli beat Frankie Houlihan, four rounds.
5—Rink Sporting Club, New York City:
Jimmy Russo and Joe Clifford, ten-round draw.
Buck Josephs beat Jackie Gordon, ten rounds.
Tommy Jordan beat Morris Meola, ten rounds.
5—Oakland A. A., Jersey City, N. J.:
Joey Silvers beat Ernie Izzard, twelve rounds.
5—102nd Medical Regiment Armory, New York City:
Young Diamond won on a foul from George Brown, four rounds.
Louis Caputo knocked out Willie Ryan, five rounds.
5—Columbus Sporting Club, Yonkers, N. Y.:
Jack McAuliffe beat Leo Gates, twelve rounds.
Hoboken Joe Celmars beat Eddie Russo, ten rounds.
5—Passaic, N. J.:
Spencer Gardner beat Jackie Marlowe, twelve rounds.
5—Baltimore, Md.:
Bob Marriott knocked out Joe Renzo, three rounds.
6—Pioneer Sporting Club, New York City:
Larry Estridge won on a foul from Tommy Robson, six rounds.
Jack Middleton beat Fred Nace, six rounds.
Jimmy Roberst beat Jack Tilyou, six rounds.
Larry Simmons and Joe Nacente, six-round draw.
6—Steeplechase A. A., Rockaway, N. Y.:
Willie Herman and Barney Adair, twelve-round draw.
Mike Castle knocked out Tommy Devine, two rounds.
Eddie Levy beat Al Fugari, six rounds.
Paddy Ryan beat Johnny Holmes, six rounds.
Tommy Dean and Joe Devito, four-round draw.
6—Ocean View A. C., Long Branch, N. J.:
Georgie Marks knocked out Nick Mercer, eleven rounds.
Frankie Naci and Tommy Lynch, twelve-round draw.
6—Aurora, Ill.:
Johnny Curtin knocked out Herbie Schaefer, six rounds.
Ernie Goozeman beat Charley Ledoux, ten rounds.
6—Milwaukee, Wis.:
Eddie Brady beat Joey Sanger, ten rounds.
6—Troxlers, Newark, N. J.:
Gilmour Curtis knocked out Fred Kibler, one round.
6—Rochester, N. Y.:
Chubby Brown beat Joe Welling, ten rounds.
Speedy Sparks knocked out Eddie Kid Black, four rounds.
6—Savannah, Ga.:
Lew Maryrs and Boots Antley, ten-round draw.
6—Toronto, Canada:
Bobby Eber beat Leo Kid Stoy, ten rounds.
6—Melbourne, Australia:
Joey Fox and Bert Restuccia, twelve-round draw.
7—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Ansell Bell knocked out Charley Kid Kohler, seven rounds.
Al Brown knocked out Willie La Morte, second round.
Izzy Cooper beat Paulie Porter, six rounds.
Jack Adnit beat Billy Wiley, four rounds.
7—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Willie Kohler beat Ruby Stein, six rounds.
Salvatore Matteo and Lew Goldberg, six-round draw.
Davey Abad and Al Leibowitz, six-round draw.
Frankie Albano knocked out Mike Mazzie, one round.
Joey Abrams beat Joe Reggi, six rounds.
Willie Jacks and Lou Sarno, four-round draw.
7—14th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Frankie Pitcher knocked out Jack Tarvers, one round.
Johnny Esmus knocked out Tony Darcy, four rounds.
Bobby Watson beat Wee Williams, six rounds.
Mike Petite knocked out George Baer, six rounds.
Al De Silva beat Joe Simobe, four rounds.
9—Queensboro Stadium, Long Island City, N. Y.:
Harry Wills beat Bartley Madden, fifteen rounds.
Tommy O'Brien knocked out Pete August, nine rounds.
Jimmy Stallery beat Jack Lynch, six rounds.
9—Columbus, O.:
Carl Tremaine beat Eddie O'Dowd, ten rounds.
9—Troy, N. Y.:
Lou Bogash and George West, twelve rounds.
9—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Frankie Schoell beat Johnny Karr, ten rounds.
9—New Haven, Conn.:
Kid Kaplan beat Bobby Garcia, ten rounds.
Tracy Ferguson beat Kid Carson, ten rounds.
9—Stamford, Conn.:
Eddie Mack beat Young Mulligan, ten rounds.
9—Newark, N. J.:
Harry Kabakoff beat Larry Roach, ten rounds.
9—Broadway Exhibition Assn., Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Pepper Martin knocked out Billy Miller, one round.
Al Muzzelle beat Young Larbia, twelve rounds.
9—Newark, N. J.:
Phil Krug beat Johnny Gill, twelve rounds.
10—Nostrand A. C., New York City:
Pancho Villa beat Buddy Taylor, twelve rounds.
Johnny Leonard beat Lew Hurley, ten rounds.
Lew Mellody and Harry Felix, six-round draw.
Nuck Quagarelli beat Marty Sullivan, four rounds.
10—Albany, N. Y.:
Murray Elkins beat Young Terry, twelve rounds.

Minute Rests Between Rounds

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE unmerciful beating suffered by Sammy Bienfeld at the hands of Sammy Cohen may be cited as an object lesson for those whose craniums become swelled through the notion they are unbeatable and can afford to become lax in their training methods. Sammy Bienfeld is one of the many ambitious youngsters who are traversing the pugilistic highway, youngsters who feel they possess championship ability and may some day wear the crown of a champion.

Bienfeld at one time looked like a mighty formidable proposition in the flyweight division. Then suddenly the inevitable demon, Prosperity, came into his life and with it his championship hopes were blasted, at least temporarily. After winning eighteen consecutive victories Bienfeld arrived at the conclusion that he was invincible and began to neglect training.

Failure to keep in condition forced his weight up several pounds, and instead of fighting flyweights, Sammy was obliged to cast his lot with the heavier foeman. Everything went along well for a while. He fought several men in the bantam division with success, then along came the crash.

Considerable rivalry existed at that time between Bienfeld and Sammy Cohen, an East Side rival, who was a legitimate 118-pound mittster, and one of the most terrific punchers in his class. Cohen, with an already established reputation of having mingled with Pancho Villa, Frankie Genaro, three times; Wilbur Cohen, Buck Josephs, and Willie Darcy, and other stars, agreed to fight Bienfeld in a ten-round affair at the Pioneer Sporting Club.

Cohen, with years of experience in his favor, blasted the aspirations of his energetic and enterprising opponent through the medium of a terrific and unmerciful beating. Bienfeld was floored three times in the opening round and was dropped again in the next round the same number of times before the towel was thrown into the ring acknowledging surrender for him and his hopes.

Bienfeld rested two months following this setback and after some keen meditation became convinced that he had fooled no one but himself and that there still was time for him to mend the error of his ways. He indulged in a strenuous course of training which consisted of many early morning trots along the highway and a steady routine of gymnasium workouts for a full month, and with his renewed, strict training came the rejuvenated youth. Again Bienfeld is going like a house afire.

The Bienfeld of today is a stronger, faster, better boxer, better puncher than ever. He is down to the flyweight limit of 112 pounds and will devote all his time towards advancing himself in the flyweight class. He is an object lesson for all who ignore training and the Ring is proud to cite him as an example of what perseverence and strict adherence to good, wholesome living will do for a boy.

June, 1924, will go down in Gotham pugilistic history as the worst month since the inception of the Walker Law. Jupiter Pluvius for the most part, in combination with city officials and some court proceedings, helped to keep the grand old game down for the time being. It rained, and it rained, then it poured almost every other day, and the intermittent downpours killed off many outdoor shows. By actual count only four entertainments were served to the fans in the open air.

This condition of affairs has depleted the pocketbooks of many promoters, and for the first time in three years some of the headliners and their managers are bewailing the fact that they can't get a break. Money has been very scarce, so Uncle Sam need not fret next year when he learns that the boys haven't cleaned up as of yore.

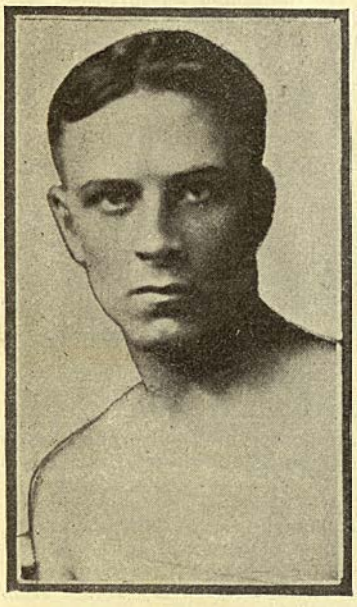
Sid Barbarian came all the way from Detroit, Mich., the evening of June 4 to hand Jack Bernstein a pasting over the twelve rounds trail, before a slim house at the Metropolitan Velodrome. The Armenian's southpaw delivery nettled "cover up" Jack, so much so that the Yonkers lad gave up the job in disgust. Only in the last session did Bernstein give a flash of his old form.

Sammy Pearlstein, Barbarian's manager, certainly called the turn. A week before the encounter he sent word on from Detroit that he was sure Sid would beat Bernstein, and that his next move was to get a smash at Benny Leonard's title. Thinking the thing over twice, we are more than sure that Barbarian not only deserves a bout with Benny but that he will make the champ hustle. Sid is a tough, rough young man and he can take plenty. He has the heart of a lion. Not overlooking the fact that he can hit a bit himself. A few months ago he trounced Johnny Dundee in his home town. Pearlstein expects to return to New York shortly to make a determined campaign for the titular shot.

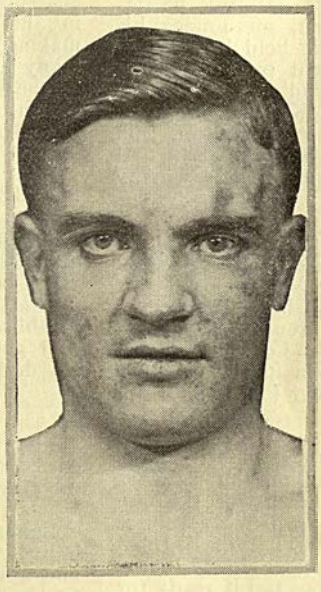
It was no surprise when Johnny Dundee blasted Luis Vicentini's hopes by taking him into camp at Madison Equare Garden, June 2. The so-called Scotch-Wop outsmarted the Chilian lightweight, ducking under his wild swings and peppering the face and body with rights and lefts. It wasn't close, as many of the experts led their readers to believe. Dundee won by the proverbial mile. Scoring points Dundee had 100 to every 5 for Luis in almost every one of the twelve rounds. There is no stopping Dundee. He's like old wine, gets better as he goes along.

Having recovered his health, Frankie Marlowe has re-signed Jack Delaney and Johnny Wilson to contracts. He also added Mickey Travers, the socking little Italian from New Haven, Conn., to his string. Delaney is laid up for repairs temporarily. Wilson, former middleweight king, gets started on July 7 when he meets Bryan Downey at Columbus, Ohio. Delaney, conqueror of Paul Berlenbach, was laid low with an attack of appendicitis, forcing Marlowe to cancel several lucrative matches. Wilson is in hard training and expects to retrieve his laurels. Marlowe has a diamond in the rough in Travers. In his two starts under the Marlowe wing Mickey gave Eddie (Kid) Wagner more than he bargained for in a Philadelphia ring, and in the semi-final to Barbarian and Bernstein received the decision over Johnny Reisler. He is a two-fisted puncher and a corking club performer.

We jumped over to Philadelphia the evening of June 2 to see Lew Tendler get a trouncing at the hands of Mickey Walker in ten one-sided rounds. Walker, king of the welters, was stale.

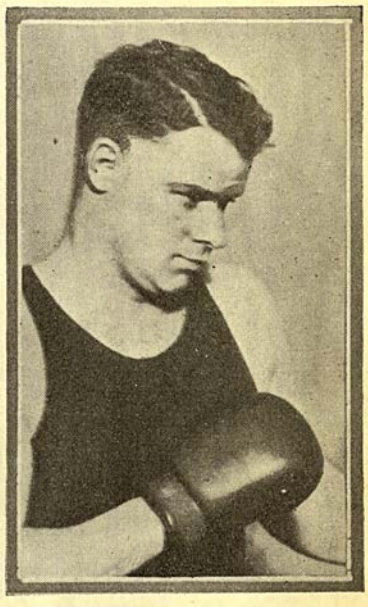


K. O. Jeakle, one of Cincinnati's classy lightweights, who has caused considerable trouble around the Middle-West section.



Joe Burke, Detroit heavyweight, who has aspirations of bearing the crown that adorns the head of Jack Dempsey.

Sully Montgomery, former Centre College football star, who is being groomed by the veteran Eddie McGoorty for heavyweight honors.



Ed Garvey, Notre Dame's gridiron crack, who is seeking an opportunity for recognition in the roped arena.

He showed he needed a couple of fights under his belt before tackling the tough southpaw. Walker tired perceptibly in the last round. Tendler was strong as a lion at 143 pounds. The champ made 147 at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

The promoters, Gunness and Taylor, blew a chunk on the show. In spite of the fact that it was the first world's titular fight to a decision, it didn't seem to interest Philadelphians. The idea of charging $10 for ringside seats made the fans sore. It is reported the receipts didn't go over the $60,000 mark.

Tom McArdle, the old Fairmont matchmaker who handed over Benny Leonard to Billy Gibson back in 1912, is one of the strongest boosters for Sid Terris, the latest junior lightweight sensation. McArdle is more than sure that Sid will succeed Benny when the latter decides to hang up his gloves.

Charley (Phil) Rosenberg is going great guns again. He grabbed a hairline decision over Sonny Smith, at the Nostrand Club, June 3. It was a corking fight every inch of the way.

There are many big matches looming for July and August. Tex Rickard will stage one or two championships at Jersey City, and the Queensboro and Nostrand people are planning some large shots. The more the merrier.

Barney Cohen and Joe Gould have moved into sumptuous quarters in the Putnam Building. Included in the suite are the offices of Willie Lewis and Joe McKenna. Cohen and Gould handle the affairs of Johnny Reisler, Harry Galfund and Nat Pincus, and Lewis and McKenna look after Bantamweight King Abie Goldstein and a few other topnotchers. A corking quartet.

Maxie Rosenbloom, the Harlem middleweight, scored his 42nd victory by beating the middleweight champion of Italy, Bruno Frattini, at the opening show of the Ocean View A. A. at Long Branch, N. J., on Decoration Day. Rosenbloom will be glad to accommodate any of the top-notch middleweights in the country.

Joe Sheppe, promising young featherweight from Binghamton, N. Y., writes that he is seeking the services of a good enterprising manager to handle his business affairs. His present contract runs out on June 15, and Joe is desirous of bettering himself by seeking new territory to conquer. He has a formidable record of meeting the best men up-state and possesses a healthy wallop in either hand, which his knockout record will attest.

Sid Terris, the East Side phantom, accomplished a noteworthy achievement when he succeeded in scoring a K. O. over Andy Chaney of Baltimore in two rounds at the opening show of the Nostrand A. C. of Brooklyn a few weeks ago. This is the first time on record that Chaney was ever stopped, which makes Sidney's feat more impressive.

Johnny Vestri, the fast improving southpaw from Brooklyn, has great difficulty in securing opponents. Johnny recently defeated Charley Kohler in a hurricane combat, which has caused the balance of the local bantams to keep at a far distance.

Al Liebowitz is another of the latest crop of flyweights to demand recognition. Al has added some notable scalps to his string of victories. He has been a consistent winner.

Harry Wallach, State Amateur Featherweight King, who was forced to remain on the sidelines while the Olympic tryouts were held at Madison Square Garden a short time ago, owing to severe illness, went to Boston, where the final elimination process was held. Harry is the outstanding star in his class, and is a certainty and was selected a member of the Olympic team.

Sol Seeman, New York product, who is still campaigning on the Pacific Coast, writes to Dave Richman, his Eastern representative, that all the eligible rivals are giving him the merry run-around. Solly is a legitimate 130 boy but is forced to combat welters and even middleweights to secure matches.

Joe Currie, claimant to the feather and junior lightweight title of the New England States, participant in over 200 ring battles without being counted out, announces his bid for a crack at the title held by Johnny Dundee. Currie has fought practically the cream of his division, including Benny Valger, Pepper Martin, Kid Kaplan, Billy De Foe, Jimmy Sacco, Charley Pilkington, Phil Logan, Frankie Britt, Harvey Bright, Al Schubert and Young Manty, and is worthy of recognition.

Vince Coffey, Kingston's classy welterweight, who has been struggling for several seasons for a chance at Mickey Walker's crown, might have his wish gratified now that the open-air boxing arena at Chadwick Park, Albany, has opened. Coffey is a tremendous drawing attraction in that locality and a match with the welter king would not go amiss.

Red Mack, lightweight representative from Albany, who has remained on the sidelines for several months, has begun his training for a busy summer season. Mack has clashed with Archie Walker, Pete Hartley, Johnny Leonard, Jimmy Hanlon, Jimmy Goodrich and Sailor Pacillio, and is ready for the best of them.

Henry Goldberg, Brooklyn's rising featherweight, who has been advancing at a hurricane rate, looks like the real goods when it comes to promising material. Henry has disposed of all competition within the past three months. He has accumulated a little winning streak worth while being proud of.

Al Kaufman, a flyweight who landed here from Kansas about two months ago, has been mowing down his opponents in consistent fashion. He has scored several knockouts over formidable opponents. He stopped Sammy Butts, Joe Wright, and licked several others.

Grand Rapids, Mich, has considerable to be proud of in the person of Jimmy Russo, a stocky little flyweight. Russo arrived here unheralded, but in five Metropolitan starts Jimmy has convinced the local fraternity that he is one of the possible opponents for Pancho Villa who has a chance of overthrowing the doughty little Filipino. Jimmy started off by besting Tiny Trinkle, then licking Willie O'Connell, besting Don Carson, and in his fourth start created an immense impression when he whipped Nat Pincus in a hurricane bout. His last go was against the colored flyweight marvel, Wilbur Cohen, whom everyone has been dodging, including Abe Goldstein and Villa. Jimmy took Cohen over the hurdles in such decisive fashion that he has fully established himself as a worthy contender.

Lew Paluso of Salt Lake City, who is battling in the East under the management of Leo P. Flynn, recently passed his 21st birthday, and in the future has the privilege of engaging in bouts of over six rounds in New York State. Lew, who is a close rival to Sammy Mandell for the appellation, "Sheik of Fistiana," is a tremendous drawing attraction around the New England States. He has confined most of his activities in that locality. Leo Flynn has done wonders in training and handling Paluso.

Joey Kaufman, protege of Joe Burman, Chicago's crack bantam, is now living in Coney Island and looking for the opportunity of spoiling the aspirations of the local bantams and featherweights. Joey accumulated quite a record of successive victories around Chicago last winter and in his stars beat Marty O'Hara and Frankie Smith.

Joe Stanley, who possesses a record of formidable accomplishments acquired in fistic disputes around Pennsylvania, is now making Brooklyn his home. Joe is seeking new worlds to conquer.

Ray Davis, former Metropolitan Amateur champion in the 126-pound class, is now casting his lot with the money-makers and is making a name for himself. Ray licked many amateurs who are now making good in the professional ranks and is sure of repeating the same measure of success for himself.

The latest foreign importation to make his abode here is Bruno Frattini, Italian middleweight champion. Frattini has fought Erminio Spalla, Ted Kid Lewis, Ted Moore, and has knockouts to his credit over Francis Charles, Marcel Prunier, Billy Balzac, and Marcel Nilles. Vic Scutari, who has an established reputation for only selecting the real goods in foreign material, will handle his destiny while over here.

AROUND ST. PAUL

The St. Paul boxing club put on an all star card as the closing indoor show of the season on May 9.

James J. Delaney, St. Paul's fast climbing light-heavy, gave away about thirty pounds and a very bad beating to Cliff Kramer, of California. Delaney took every round from the first to the tenth.

Kramer blocked most of Jim's punches with his face and will be out for repairs for some time as a result.

Jack Josephs, hard-hitting welter, slugged his way through ten fast rounds to a draw with "Dago" Joe Gans of St. Paul.

In another ten-round bout, Buddie McDonald, St. Paul, showed much class in winning from Jackie Conway of Minneapolis. Buddie brought the fans to their feet and grief to Conway by his wicked punching.

The Minnesota "Comish" is out to enforce its ruling that no promoters or matchmakers of the Minnesota clubs may use fighters under their management on Minnesota fight cards.

Matchmaker Jack Reddy of the St. Paul club has turned his stable of boxers over to the worthy hands of his brother, Eddie.

Fred Fulton is trying a come-back under the guidance of Reddy. If he doesn't succeed, Fred can only blame himself—this time.

The St. Paul Club will feature Jim Delaney in the first open air fight here this summer. Young Stribling or Mike McTigue are possible opponents for the St. Paul flash.

Stewart McLean and Johnnie O'Donnell both of St. Paul, are doing fine under Mike Collins on the Coast. California promoters are now dickering for an O'Donnell-Bennie Leonard fight.

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BALTIMORE GOSSIP
By JAMES RAYMOND PRICE

Max Waxman, on behalf of Joe Dundee, has issued a challenge through the New York State Boxing Commission to Benny Leonard for a bout in the near future. Dundee waded through a tough bunch of war horses during the past winter and had only one decision given against him. Alex Hart, the Philadelphia lightweight, turned the trick, but has refused so far to listen to offers for another skirmish. Hart has been a regular Jonah to Baltimore battlers, and was one man who always handed George Chaney, the Knockout King, more than he received.

For the third time this year Little Jeff trounced Young Chappie, the Pennsylvania flyweight, and now is after a match with Johnny Buff, former world's champion. Young Chappie started in whirlwind fashion and for three rounds chased Jeff all over the ring, but after the local lad got his bearings the tide of battle changed and from then on it was all one sided.

Eddie Burnbrook, Camp Holabird welterweight, lost a hard ten-round bout to Eddie Shevlin, Boston boy, in Pittsburgh, on June 2. Burnbrook had just started on a winning streak, and the setback from Shevlin was entirely unlooked for.

On the same night, but many miles away, Bob Garcia, Burnbrook's army pal, was declared an easy winner over Willie Davis of Elizabeth, N. J. This bout took place under the auspices of the American Legion in Holyoke, Mass. Garcia is being seriously considered as an early opponent for Johnny Dundee for the junior lightweight belt.

Les Sponsler, who had great success staging shows at the Gayety Theatre, has transferred his activities to Carlin's Arena, and intends to put on many attractive matches in the open-air pavilion.

Benny Franklin, of the Olympic A. C., is trying to locate in Baltimore for the summer months and has several bouts in view. Benny wants to bring Kid Williams and Nate Carp together, and also believes Joe Dundee and George Chaney would draw a wonderful crowd. All in all, it looks as though Baltimore fistic followers will have rather a pleasant season.

Joe Barrett, discoverer of Kid Williams, and former matchmaker of the Monumental Club, is going to break into the fight game in this city again and has secured the Folly Theatre for his shows. Barrett intends bringing Chick Ward and Frankie Rice together the latter part of June, and should the fans turn out for this match he will bring Buck Ashton, the Lancaster middleweight, here if he can secure a suitable opponent.

Harry Darneille, Washington heavyweight, had a narrow escape from death recently when an automobile he was driving ran into a ditch on the Annapolis road. Darneille and his companion were hurled through the windshield, and Harry was badly cut about the face and neck, besides suffering a fracture of several ribs.

To prove to local fight fans that his boy, Billy Gannon, has class, Joe Barett submits the following list of boys whom Gannon has met:

Among the featherweights were Eddie Kid Wagner, Hughie Hutchinson, Benny Valger and Bobby McCann; among the lightweights were Danny Rogers, Ben Ponteau, colored lightweight champion of the world and a protege of Leo P. Flynn; Joe Matrange, Young Jack Dempsey, Dick DeSanders, Georgie Russell, George Weyman, champion of the coal fields, whom Gannon stopped; Eddie Carver, Joe Chaney—ask Joe about Gannon; K. O. Circus and Cleveland Johnny Downs; among the welterweights were Pete Latzo, Joe Jackson, Joe McCabe, Billy Angelo and Eddie Shugrue. In Gannon's knockout list were Johnny Piazzi, Joe Flories, the Filipino protege of Leo P. Flynn; Billy Shine, Young Bundy, Jack Powlus, Young Mulligan, Philadelphia Joe Lynch, Kid Lewis, Kid Burns, Charles Sheppard, Freddy Wolgast, Battling Manton, Patsy Bradley, Jimmy Taylor, whom Kid Williams failed to stop in several trials; Harry Ochs, Young Baumie, Ned Fitzgerald and Jimmy Hughes.

IOWA-NEBRASKA BOXING NOTES
By DON FAIR

George Yeager, matchmaker for the Spanish-American War Veterans Boxing Club of Omaha, takes all prizes for being the Champion Hard Luck Promoter of the World. Yeager lined up a show last month which looked great on paper and would have drawn a packed house for the Veterans' club. In the feature attraction Battling Siki was matched to meet Battling Munroe, Omaha's great colored light heavy, who has shown to advantage with the best in his class. Promoter Yeager was flooded with orders in the advance seat sale and everything looked rosy. Then the hard luck. First the battler from Omaha got into a little family quarrel with his better half and drew some bad newspaper publicity, which made it necessary for the boxing commission to hang a suspension on Munroe. The card got its first jolt and Munroe was out.

Then the Vets lined up Nick Newman, Kansas City star light heavy from the Jay Thomas stable, to meet the jungle man, Siki. Everything fixed again but not so good as originally lined up. Siki came down to training quarters in a car which took picks on an oil truck and finished second. Siki went to the hospital for six weeks and Joe Levy, his manager, went CRAZY. The card was dead and Siki half dead. Yeager quickly lined up a show but it was too late and the house was miserably small. The Vets lost heavily at the box office and Yeager is now out claiming the Hard Luck Championship of the World.

Sandy Griswold, veteran sport editor of the Omaha Herald, accompanied by a party of friends, attended the Carpentier-Gibbons fight at Michigan City last month. Sandy not only attends the sporting events over the country for his interest in the show but goes to meet his many friends, both young and old, who are in the sport fraternity.

Ace Hudkins stopped Battling Strayer in five rounds at Lincoln. This is the first decisive setback that Strayer has received, and up until Hudkins put over the ether he was on the defensive. Hudkins is coming to the front in leaps and bounds and if he continues to improve should soon be in the top flight of the 135 pounders.

Tommy Ryan, Des Moines promoter, is running shows twice a month. On his last card he featured Roscoe Hall and Reddy Blanchard. The St. Paul boy took the decision. In the previous show, Ace Hudkins beat Jack Zalice of Boston in the main event. Ryan is fortunate in having a number of good boys in and around Des Moines who are fighters of good cards. Harold Plude, Jimmy Harris and Phil Longo are all pleasing boxers and Ryan has been using these boys against outside competition with good success.

Teddy Gartin, Omaha welterweight, has returned to the home diggings and will rest up a bit before starting in on his summer campaign. The clever Teddy will either hook up with Harry Neary or Mike Gibbons in the near future, for up to the present time he has been without a manager or even a good handler. Gibbons or Neary, either one, would probably take him well up the ladder in his class, for the Nebraska socker has everything that will tend to make him a great fighter.

Artie Mayne, official referee for the Casper Boxing Clubs, has returned to Omaha after a six months' stay in Florida. Mr. Mayne reports that the boxing game is very quiet in the Southern state at this time.

Sioux City, Fort Dodge, Mason City, Marshalltown and Davenport are a few of the Iowa towns which are running shows. American Legion posts of these spots are the promoters. Sioux City and Davenport are drawing the best crowds at this time.

Morrie Schlaiffer stopped Johnny Karr at Canton in one round last month. Schlaiffer fought Karr at his best weight, 148 pounds, and according to reliable reports looked to be in the best condition that he has attained this year.

The Omaha Fighting Fool when in proper shape is one of the hardest welters in the country, but a bit out of condition, one of the worst. Pat Boyle, his manager, is making every effort to keep Schlaiffer on edge at all times so that the Omaha Hebrew will be available to box anywhere in the country on short notice.

Down at the little village of Griswold, Iowa, they had their usual card of fights and ball games on the Independence Day program. Last year the ball park at this little burg was packed to capacity, some four thousand fans jamming into the little grandstand and the specially erected bleachers. Fighters can get in touch with American Legion officials of the live little town for engagements.

Royal Coffman, Denny Ryan's great amateur welterweight, will go to Paris next month as a member of the U. S. Olympic team, for Coffman fought his way into the finals at Boston when the tryouts were held and was picked to represent the U. S. in the great international contests. Coffman may turn professional after he completes his schooling and will no doubt make many a good welterweight sorry. He is 18 years of age and beautifully built for a fighter. The lad attends the Thomas Jefferson High School at Council Bluffs and is a star end on the football team there. He boxes under the colors of the Omaha Athletic Club.

AROUND WITH THE FOUR ROUNDERS
By H. STEVENS, SAN PEDRO, CALIFORNIA.

Sam Langford, the Boston Tar Baby of by-gone days, is on his way to recovery according to reports. Sam was operated on for a cataract forming over his left eye, which was also endangering the sight of his other optic. A collection taken at various Los Angeles boxing clubs amounted to over $2,000 enabling Sam to come on to New York for the operation.

Jimmy Duffy, the Oakland flash, proved that he is one of the greatest four round boxers in the game when he handed Bermondsey Billy Wells a licking at Oakland recently. Charley Harvey's pet never saw so many Levinsohns in one night as the Jewish boy passed out.

There is a bill pending which if passed, will introduce 10 round professional boxing in California. West Coast fans are so accustomed to the four round racket that it will take considerable persuasion to convince the rabid rooters that they will benefit by the new step.

Jack Silver, the San Francisco lightweight, who has been a consistent winner in the Golden Gate city, is the West's new bid for a World's champion. He is a remarkable boxer and a good hitter. He boxed Benny

Leonard on two occasions when Benny was touring the Coast with his vaudeville skit. Benny told the newspaper folks that his successor was Jack Silver. He has never been knocked off his feet in fifty stars and has defeated such men as Johnny O'Donnell, conqueror of Joe Benjamin, Teddy O'Harra and Archie Walker. You can't laugh that off.

Jim Jeffries, who is farming at Burbank, California, attends the bouts at the big Vernon Stadium occasionally. When asked his opinion of the four round game, he remarked that when a poor scrap is in session, the time of your suffering is limited to twelve minutes. No so bad at that.

Dick Donald, matchmaker of the Lyceum A. C. in Los Angeles invited the old timers living in the vicinity of the movie city to attend his weekly show at the Spring Street emporium. Among the notables were, Jim Jeffries, Tommy Ryan, Billy Papke, Ad Wolgast, Joe Rivers, Charley Harvey, Tom Jones and a dozen other prominent characters of a decade ago.

Charley Hutchinson, who looks after the affairs of Jack Silver, is working hard on Eddie Huffman, the Navy heavyweight champ. Hutch says the sailor is the most promising heavy man on the Coast today. He turned down an offer to box in the Tex O'Rourke tournament.

Young Nationalista, the Filipino flyweight sensation who has been victorious over the best the Coast has to offer, will soon leave for the East to seek a match with Villa. While not possessing an abundance of grey matter, the half pint Islander is a dangerous opponent for any man. He has a wild right that comes up from the heels and spells disaster if it lands.

Nate Goldman, the Philadelphia sensation who knocked Lew Tendler down four times, defeated Bobby Barrett, Pinkey Mitchell and many others was boxing preliminaries at San Pedro, California, just two years ago. He is a product of the Pacific fleet having served aboard the U. S. S. Idaho. West Coast fans are baffled by the reports of his victories as he was beaten regularly by local boys.

NEWS OF THE CENTRAL WEST

Jimmy Dunn, rated the greatest of fistic managers in the Central West, surely ran into some tough luck recently when two of his aces, Carl Tremaine and Johnny Kerr, were knocked out within one week's time. Tremaine was toppled over in the seventh round of a great battle with Charley Goodman of New York, a veteran bantamweight under Leo Flynn. They fought at Cleveland on an all star card staged by the Eagles which drew $17,000. In the main bout Dave Shade gave Morrie Schlaifer a lacing in 12-rounds, winning almost every round and displaying oodles of class. In the other star but Johnny Karr of Cleveland and Frankie Schoell of Buffalo boxed ten rounds to a draw.

The Tremaine-Goodman affair was a whirlwind battle from start to finish. Goodman put the sleeper over with a terrific right cross to the jaw early in the seventh round. One week later at Canton, Morrie Schaifer hooked a left to Johnny Karr's chin and the Clevelander went down for five, staggered to his feet and another left and he went down for ten and out. This surely was a surprise as Karr had twice defeated Morrie in the past.

Tommy McGinty and Matt Hinkel will be the big guns in the promotion game in Cleveland from now on. They erected an arena on the outskirts of Cleveland which will seat 12,000 and have a number of good shows in view for the same. They plan a great carnival of boxing for July 4th with one of the champions in the big bout.

Willie Ames, who recently earned a newspaper decision over Champion Johnny Dundee, scored another good victory when he defeated Frankie Garcia in ten rounds at East Chicago. Jim Mullen has matched him with Danny Kramer of Philadelphia for ten rounds there soon.

Norm Genet added another win to his record when he defeated K. O. Scherer of Sandusky in a ten round bout at Ray Bronson's Fremont club. Scherer surprised by dropping Norm in the first round but thereafter the Iron Man had things his own way. Both Genet and Scherer are wonderful prospects. Scherer had scored nine consecutive knockout victories until Norm stopped his streak.

Tommy McGinty does not confine his activities to promoting as he has a very good stable of boxers including Al Ziemer, Jack Wolfe, Vincent Pokorni and Frankie Stelmack. Al Ziemer with the exception of Bud Taylor is the best bet in the west today. He defeated Harry Gordon with ease in a recent show at Cleveland. McGinty would like to line up Goldstein for Ziemer at Cleveland. A few years back at Jersey City in the semi-final to the Johnny Kilbane-Benny Valger bout Abie and Al boxed six rounds and up until the final minute Ziemer had beaten Goldstein by the proverbial mile when Abie crashed over a right and down went Ziemer for the count. Now Al wants to reverse things and he has a very good chance.

Ray Alvis, former manager of Cowboy Padgett, is now piloting Warnie Smith, the Oklahoma Co-Puncher and the veteran Warnie is proving himself to be a great sensation in the west and is defeating everything in sight.

OREGON NOTES
By JOE MAZUROSKY

Eddie O'Neil, former bantamweight champion of the Coast, is dead. Death was due to a clot on the brain. Eddie was some battler in his day.

Benny Dotson, Portland's latest featherweight star is going along at a rapid pace. He has defeated every opponent he has faced so far.

Frank Farmer, Tacoma's heavyweight, easily beat Floyd Johnson, Iowa's native son recently. Back East, Johnson is going great, but the moment he steps on Western territory his jinx appears.

Abe Gordon, former flyweight king of the Pacific Coast is in California. He has defeated a number of good boys among his victims being Frankie Grandetta, sensational Spokane flyweight. Abe is under the management of Willie Bernstein, who is a representative of Jack Kearns, manager of Dempsey.

Frankie Murphy of New Orleans is figuring on going back East. He is a middleweight boxer but is obliged to fight heavyweight as it seems the middleweights will have none of him.

He beat George Lampton, heavyweight champion of the Coast recently.

Oakland Jimmy Duffy is going great. Pinkey Mitchell received a trimming at the hands of Duffy two months ago, and Pinkey almost went to counting the Milky Way in the 4th round. Bombardsey Billy Wells was another victim.

Ted Krashe, a Seattle boy who formerly worked out with Jack Dempsey is making good Jack's prediction that Ted is a comer. Krashe has defeated Bobby Harper, Jimmy Socco, Dode Bercot, Tavie Davis and others. Dan Salt, manager of Ted is figuring on bringing his battler east.

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BUFFALO, N. Y., NOTES
By HUGH SHANNON

Tommy Ryan, Buffalo's great bantamweight, is back home from Indianapolis where he shaded Bud Taylor in the most sensational scrap ever staged in the Hoosier capital. In fact the bout was the best bantam fight I ever saw, and such critics as Eddie McGoorty, Steve Harter, Eddie Long and others say that Ryan and Taylor stand out as the two best bantams in the game. What a fight this would make for New York. Funny some promoter in the Big Town doesn't grab it off.

Ryan has matches on with Midget Kilburn in Erie, Pa.; Eddie Macey of the Coast in Chicago and Howard Mayberry in Toronto, Canada.

Jimmy Slattery continues to win with constant regularity. Jimmy defeated Jackie Clarke and Young Fisher, both within four days, and Slats didn't even get a hard workout.

Charlie Murray, the Queensberry Club's hustling matchmaker, is trying to match Slattery with Georges Carpentier. The bout would draw by long odds the biggest house of this or any other season in local fistic history.

Murray is also about to stage a return match between those two sterling welterweights, Frankie Schoell and Dave Shade. They have boxed three times already, with Shade copping two decisions and Schoell one. Schoell was not himself the last time he boxed Shade and thinks he can reverse matters. Leo Flynn and his battler are just as confident that they can repeat the victory.

Jack Oakes, the negro welterweight, hero of many great fights here during the past year, is at Hot Springs, Ark., getting back his health. When he returns Oakes will give all welters a hard time of it. Oakes fought two great battles with Frankie Schoell and three with Mike Dempsey. He is the only fighter to have Dempsey on the floor and almost out.

Open-air boxing will be under way in July. The new Bison Stadium where the Buffalo International League club plays its games will be an ideal spot for boxing in the open.

Jack Singer thinks he has two good scrappers in Nubby Joe Gans, negro lightweight, and Young Dennis, middleweight. These two colored boys have shown a lot of class in their bouts up to date.

Bobby Tracey and Jimmy Goodrich, lightweights of this city, are showing good form. Tracey recently boxed a draw with Irish Pat Mills here.

Ted Joyce, the Canadian bantamweight, is going in great form. He is hitting his best stride and wants all comers at 118 to 120 pounds. Joyce is as hard a puncher as there is in the country.

Johnny Ward, McKeesport, Pa., welterweight, is making Buffalo his home. Ward is in good condition and never looked better. He beat George Williams here easily and boxed a draw with Leo Leonard at Binghamton, N. Y.

Rocky Kansas was to have boxed Pal Moran in New York but the fight is being held up pending the settlement of the status of the Queensboro Stadium where the scrap was to have been staged. Kansas received a lot of offers when he beat Johnny Dundee and will be busy all summer, according to Manager Daniel Rogers.

Anyone seeking bouts in Buffalo or its vicinity should address Hugh Shannon, Crescent Sporting Club, Buffalo, N. Y.

MOUNTAIN STATES BOXING NOTES
By SAM BUXBAUM.

Frankie Murphy, well known welterweight boxer, who has met some of the best boys his weight in the country, is visiting friends and relatives in Denver. Murphy will not be able to box for about another month owing to the injury he received in his right hand in his last bout.

Bud Hamilton has so many offers that he does not know which one to accept first. He will make only a few starts in the West before going to Chicago and other eastern fight centers.

Jack Doyle, husky Denver 126-130 pound boxer is going better now than ever, he is more aggressive than he ever was and is boxing faster.

The fight fans of Denver are getting just what they have hoped for in the boxing line. Tommy Eddy, promoter, is giving them a seven bout card every Tuesday and is packing them in to capacity.

A youngster who will some day make a name in the ring is Harold (Pee-Wee) Jensen. Pee-Wee only weighs 108 pounds, has had 12 bouts and only lost one close decision. He is only 16 years old and is very fast and clever.

Joe Coffee, Pueblo featherweight, is going better now than ever. He boxed Jack Doyle a hard four round draw and a couple of nights later kayoed the tough Kid Belt in three rounds. He has several other bouts around these parts and then will make a trip east.

Big Bob Hurst keeps himself in condition for bouts his manager expects to close for him. There are only a few 175 pounders around the Mountain region and they are fighting shy of him.

Heinie Schuman will make a comeback some time this fall. He has been out of the game for about a year, and tried himself out in two starts recently, and won both bouts decisively.

Joe Black is back in training again after a six months layoff. He is willing to meet anyone around the 138 pound mark.

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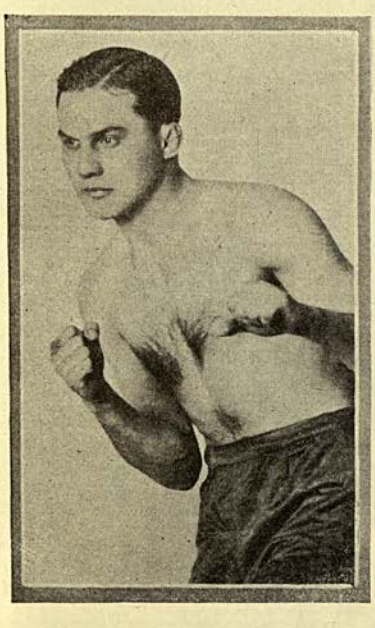
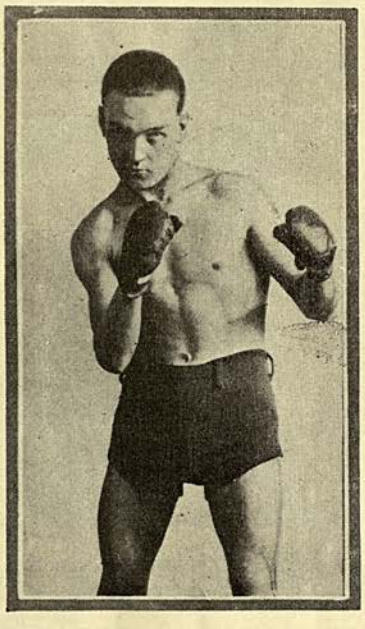
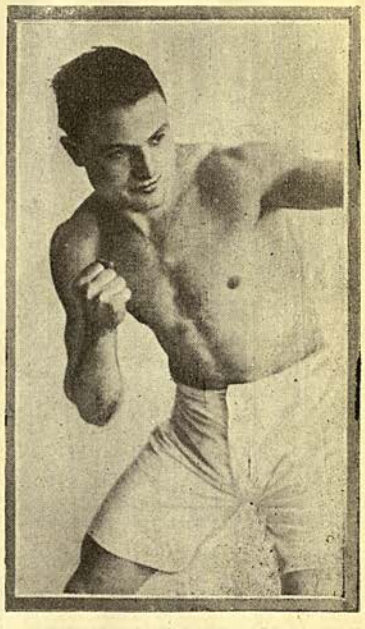


Johnny Leonard of Allentown, Pa., who gained new fame when he stopped Carl Duane



Young Irish, crack Akron, Ohio, flyweight, who is out on the trail of the topnotch midgets

Bruno Frattini, latest foreign importation, middleweight king of Italy



Jimmy Cancro, one time New York State Amateur welter champ, who punches with terrific force

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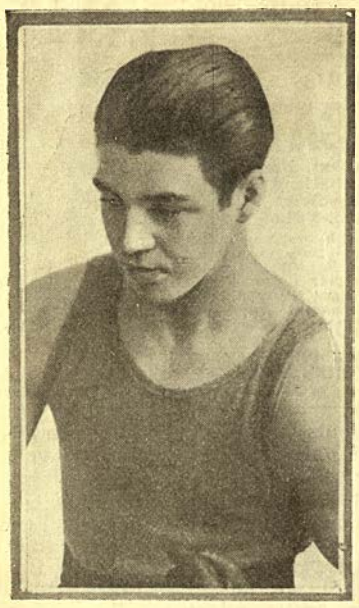
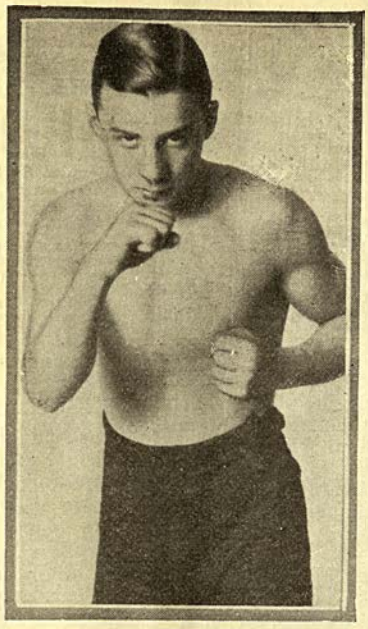
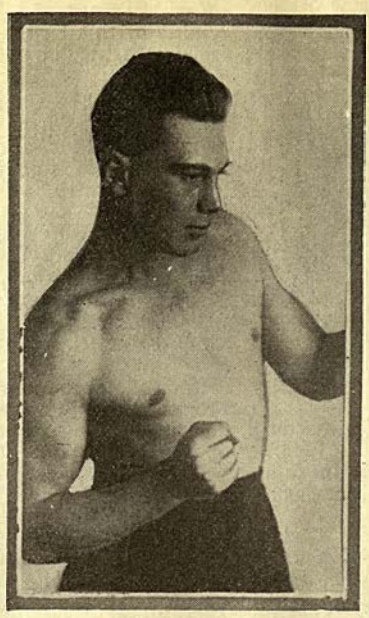


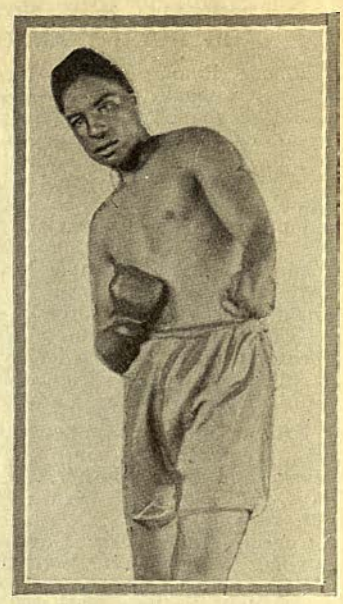
Sammy Mandell, the Sheik of Fistiana



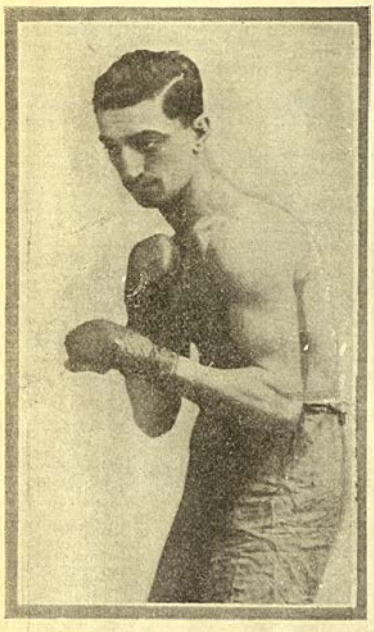
Emil Paluso, younger brother of Lou, a star flyweight



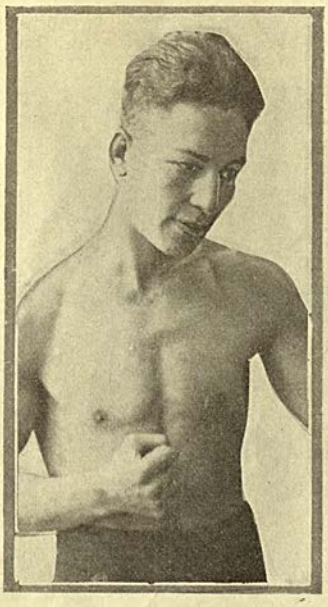
Freddy Schultz, a new heavyweight from New York



Battling Monroe, Omaha negro light-heavyweight

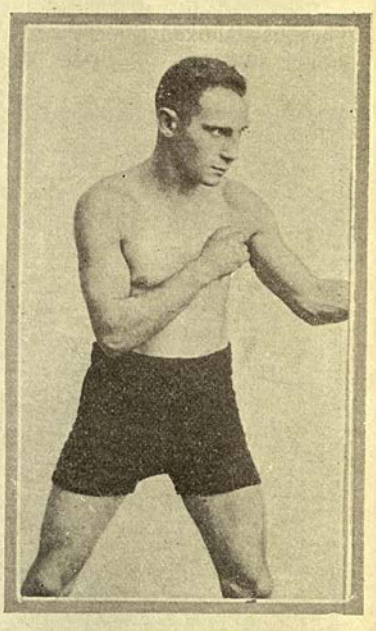


Frankie Albano, one of Brooklyn's crack bantamweights

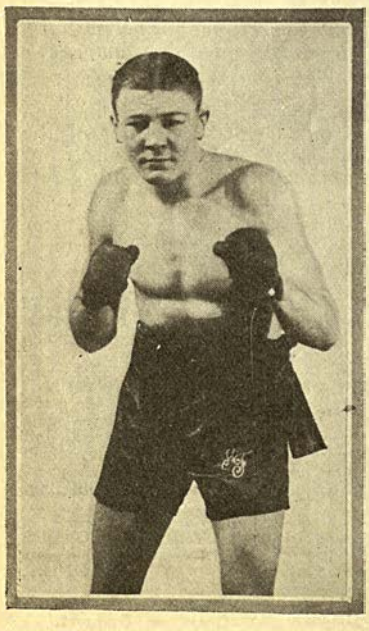


"Oakland" Jimmy Duffy, who is a great short-distance battler

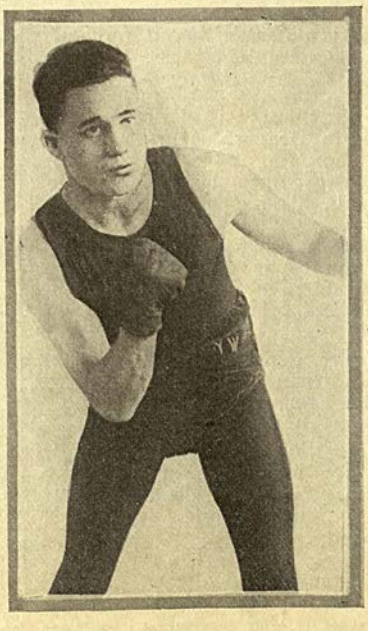
Tommy Duffy, hard-hitting Ridgewood lightweight



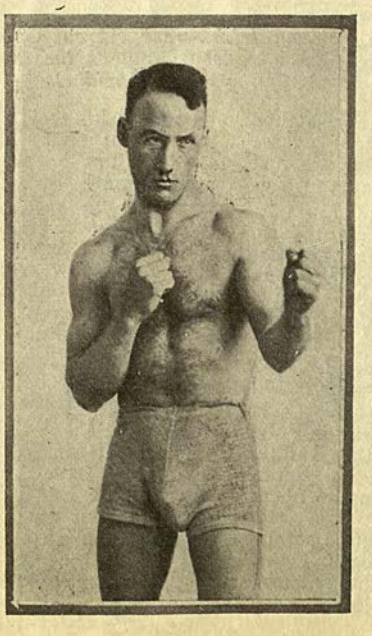
Curley Wilshur, Canada's featherweight representative



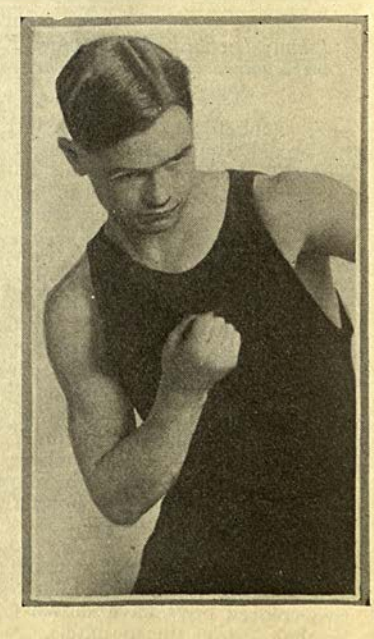
George Fifield, Toronto lightweight, an amateur product



Babe Willard, the pride of Providence, R. I.



Charley Irwin, featherweight aspirant from Cleveland



Howard Mayberry, Detroit bantamweight contender

OHIO BOXING NEWS
By GEORGE LEVECQUE

The open-air boxing season is now in full blast all over Ohio and before the warm weather is over many big matches of importance will have been held. The season started here in Columbus on May 5 when Bryan Downey ushered it in with a clean-cut victory over Jack Delaney, the lad who laid Paul Berlenbach low. Downey's win was decisive and most artistic, to say the least.

Cincinnati was next to swing into line, where the big Riverside arena at Covington, Ky., had a match scheduled for May 19 between Billy Ryan and Fred Archer, the European boxer who has an enviable record. The Riverside arena with its unusually large seating capacity and ideal location will run every Monday night for eighteen straight weeks.

Dayton, Toledo, Marietta, Youngstown, Cleveland and in fact every city of any size in the state will have booked open-air shows before the month of June has passed. Everything points to a busy season.

Ohio now boasts of some of the best boxers doing business within the roped arenas. Bryan Downey, 158; Anthony Downey, 158; Carl Tremaine, 120; K. O. Mars, 130; Joe Anderson, 147; Sammy Sandow, 122; Johnny Karr, 160; Norm Genet, 158; Tommy Herman, 138; Jimmy Moore (colored), 148; Eddie McDonald, the Kentucky Cave Man; Blockie Richards, 135; Billy Ryan, 150; Frankie Bob, 126, and several others are among the top liners who are drawing down big purses every time they start.

A match that is in prospect for some Ohio city is one between Bryan Downey and Phil Krug, Billy McCarthy's middleweight. These boxers put up a fine battle recently in the East and are ready to step again. Downey says he is ready and Krug likewise is willing.

Anthony Downey, after a lay-off of four months, during which time he enjoyed the beaches of Florida, returned to the ring at Covington, Ky., a few weeks ago and defeated Tommy Murphy, the rugged Chicago middleweight, in a 12-round encounter. Downey showed excellent form and his manager, Biddy Bishop, announced that he was ready to sign articles at once with Young Stribling, who appears none too anxious for the match.

K. O. Mars, Cincinnati junior lightweight, who defeated Bud Christiano at Marietta, O., on April 17, receiving the referee's decision, is traveling at a good clip. Mars is hot on the trail of the topnotchers.

Ray Alvis, the clever manager of boxers located at Chicago, was a recent visitor through the state of Ohio. He has two heavyweight champions, one of them Sargeant Lee, the army battler, whom he is anxious to pit against the best of the big men in Ohio. "Lee is one of the best prospects I have seen in a long time," he told several newspaper men at Columbus.

Warnie Smith, the Oklahoman, who showed recently at Cincinnati, made a fine impression, according to the Queen City newspaper scribes. Smith looks to be a strong lad with terrific punching powers.

A discussion on weight caused a big argument here recently when Billy Conley and Anthony Downey weighed in for their battle. Conley insisted that the weight was 160 pounds, while Downey's manager showed articles calling for 161. When the men scaled they both weighed exactly 161 pounds. This settled all arguments.

A match that will be made shortly will be one between Sammy Sandow of Cincinnati and Tommy Ryan of Buffalo. Sandow has been promised matches with Kid Williams and Joe Lynch at Cincinnati.

Billy Conley's knockout of Joe Packo in this city has established Conley in the eyes of boxing promoters and patrons here and he will be kept busy during the spring and summer months. There is talk of Conley meeting Anthony Downey, and Mike O'Rourke says he will put the match on at his club.

Sammy Sandow, the hard-hitting little bantamweight, who knocked out Merle Alte at Covington, Ky., last month, has received several offers for big matches. Sandow says he is ready and willing at any time to meet the best at 120 to 126 pounds.

Harry Sully, local boxing promoter, is getting ready for several big matches he has in store for boxing fans.

Boxers should be able to get lots of work this summer around Cincinnati and Covington, Ky., which is just across the river from the Ohio city. There are nine different open-air boxing arenas there and the boxer who can get off right and make good ought to be able to keep as busy as he would care to. The two biggest of the arenas are the Cincinnati baseball park and the Riverside arena at Covington. Tommy Fitzpatrick makes the matches for the Riverside arena at Covington. His address is Sixth and Main streets, Covington, Ky.

Eddie McDonald, the famous Kentucky Cave Man, after knocking out four boxers in a row, ran into a lot of tough luck by having five boxers with whom he was matched, run out and he was forced to remain idle for a solid month. His manager, Biddy Bishop, has sent word to managers of several heavyweights in the hopes of landing matches for the Cave Man. McDonald is one of the most talked of boxers in this state.

Charley Glaser, the nifty Chicago featherweight, who has placed himself under the management of Biddy Bishop, jumped into fame here recently when he knocked out Midget Guery at Covington recently. Glaser is a classy little boxer and Bishop sends word that he will let him box anyone at 124 to 128 pounds.

Pat Bishop, the Michigan middleweight, who is rated the best man in the 160 pounds class around Michigan, has been making his home at Cincinnati. He is looked upon as a very good middleweight.

TRI-STATE NOTES
By M. FRANK PRENDERGAST
(Sports Editor, Cumberland Times)

There's plenty of work for the good tough boys if the good tough boys can stay tough. Fay Keiser, Cumberland Bearcat, proves that fact, for Keiser, after three defeats in a row and despite the fact that he quit the ring after losing to Jimmy Slattery at Buffalo in three rounds, has again thrown his hat in the ring.

Unfortunately for Keiser, he took on the bouts with Jackie Clark, Harry Greb and Slattery when he was recuperating from an operation. His jaw had bothered him for months and an operation was advised. Despite the fact that he was weak and far below weight he went through with the three fights and lost each. He was knocked out by Greb and Slattery.

K. O. Yutzy, Meyersdale's miner and pride of the local boxing fraternity, got another setback following his loss to Johnny King when he came out a poor second in his twelve-round bout with Young Xeny, the Pittsburgh dental student in the main bout of the American Legion boxing show at Cumberland. Xeny was all over the miner and picked him to pieces while Yutzy looked foolish trying to swing across his haymaker. In the last two rounds Xeny, after boxing Yutzy into submission, went to fighting and had Yutzy looking bad.

Bobby Merritt, a soldier buddy of Eddie Burnbrook and Bob Garcia at Camp Holabird, defeated Charlie Roth, Baltimore middleweight, in eight rounds here recently. Merritt showed plenty of class and was assured a return bout. Roth, on the other hand, while game and fighting back as best he could showed little ability while taking a lacing.

"Buck" Griffith, Cumberland lightweight, keeps up his string of victories. Griffith scored a five-round kayo recently over Bobby Groves of Oakland here this month. Griffith has a record of six knockouts, two decisions, a draw and one loss in ten bouts.

Harry Greb lost some prestige while scoring a two-round knockout over Jackie Clark at Kenilworth, Md., May 5. Kenilworth is the new fight arena outside the National Capital, the game being forbidden in Washington. Greb refused to make weight for the show, came in at catch weights and then pummelled Clark into submission. He left the ring amid anything but applause. Benny Franklin, Baltimore promoter, who fostered the Greb-Keiser bout in which Greb pulled similar tricks in fooling the public that pays to see a champion risk his title, put on the Kenilworth issue.

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A CORRECTION

Jackie Johnston of Toronto, Canada, whose photo was published in the last issue of THE RING, writes to inform us that, through an error, it was stated that he has turned pro. Clark is still an amateur and is a member of the Canadian Olympic team.

PALS FOR YEARS—NOW IN BUSINESS

Eddie McGoorty, former Oshkosh whale and in his day one of the best men ever developed in the middleweight ranks, is now associated with Jim Mullen, the well-known western promoter in conducting a gymnasium and health school in Chicago where a new crop of heavyweights is now being developed.

As an exploiter of the deadly hook, Eddie McGoorty was in a class by himself when he was an active participant himself. Right now he is devoting a major portion of his time at his Chicago muscle foundry in teaching Ed Garvey, a former star at Notre Dame, under Coach Knute Rockne, and Sully Montgomery, another giant hailing from Centre College in Kentucky, the finer points of the boxing game.

Garvey is a giant in size, weighing 235 pounds stripped and is over six feet in height. Montgomery, a more compact fighting machine, tips the beam around 180 pounds and in his debut at Aurora the other night put the skids under Joe Burke of Detroit, a fellow who came on with the reputation of having knocked out Bob Martin and a string of lesser lights. In that battle Sully showed a deadly punch after he himself was spilled by a hard right hand to the jaw. Nate Lewis and Tommy Walsh had imported Burke from Detroit to upset the pride of the Praying Colonels, but when Montgomery came thru in brilliant fashion, the boxing fans in and around Chicago put the stamp of approval on his work and predicted that under some careful schooling by Eddie McGoorty, Montgomery wlil be heard from in the near future.

As to Garvey, he is working out daily at the Mullen-McGoorty gym in Chicago and is under the management of Henry Stickle, a former boxer many years ago. It was Stickel who saw the possibilities of Garvey and after some careful schooling in private turned the big Notre Dame giant over to McGoorty for some careful schooling.

In the event that Montgomery and Garvey both come through with a series of victories, Promoter Jim Mullen plans on staging a battle between Centre and Notre Dame in the little blue bowl outside of Aurora.

What an innovation this ring battle between football players will be for the Chicago fight fans.

Quite a number of the leading boxers of the country are working out at the Mullen-McGoorty gym each day. Georges Carpentier played to a good crowd at this place upon his arrival from Paris when he started work for his coming bout with Tom Gibbons at Michigan City. Charlie White is working out daily at the same place under the supervision of Trainer Art Winch. Connie Curry, the Sioux City bantamweight; Willie Ames, of Akron; Joey O'Hara, one of the most promising middleweights in the west; Mickey Kramer, the St. Louis junior lightweight; Marine Ranieri, Ernie Goozeman and a flock of others can be seen in action every day at the same place.

Harold Smith, the promising bantamweight, who has been laid up with a bad leg for many months, has started light work in hopes that the injured leg will allow him to start boxing in the near future.

In the May issue of THE RING it was erroneously reported that Carl Tremaine whipped Rosey Stoy, at Al Zill's Youngstown, Ohio, Arena. As a matter of fact, according to newspaper reports of the battle, Stoy more than held his own with the Cleveland socker. The consensus of opinion voted the battle a draw. Decisions are not allowed in Ohio.

CHICAGO BOXING NEWS
By ART WINCH

The Mullen-McGoorty gymnasium and health school, 175 Madison street, has taken on prosperity. The crowds which watch the athletes in action are improving steadily and the membership of business men who take workouts has doubled under the new management. The gym is the headquarters for the leading amateur boxers of Chicago and Mullen and McGoorty hold shows every Thursday night for the simon pures. All of the out of town boxers stop at the Mullen gym while in Chicago and make their headquarters there. Cannonball Eddie Martin, Young Stribling, Eddie Macey of Los Angeles, Lest Martin of St. Louis, are among the newcomers who are training there.

Harold Smith, the little stockyards battler who was in line for a crack at the bantamweight crown last winter, will be ready for action on July 4. Smith injured his knee in a bout against Danny Lee in Madison Square Garden in October. He finished on top in that scrap and was immediately signed to box Abe Goldstein, who at that time was not champion. The contract still stands and Smithy will take on Goldstein after a few minor bouts. He will start training this month according to his manager, Buck Montgomery.

Mickey Kramer of St. Louis, sensational junior lightweight, who is one of the best boxers seen around her for the last few years has been laid up with a bad nose and his manager, Art Winch and Buck Montgomery, had to call off several matches which were to lead to a match with Johnny Dundee for the junior lightweight title. Kramer was to have appeared on the Michigan City card with Steve Adams for eight rounds. Carpentier wanted Kramer to act as a sparring partner, for Kramer is fast and has a fine left.

The Mullen-McGoorty gym was packed to the roof when Carpentier was scheduled to appear there for a workout, when he arrived in Chicago. As Georges' trunk was delayed in New York, he did not do any training but he appeared there with his manager. The crowd gave him a warm reception.

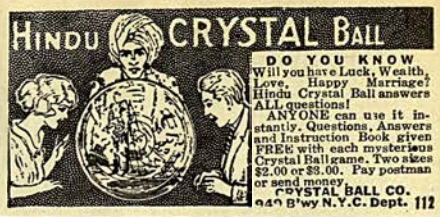
Ernie Goozeman, California featherweight, who is making Chicago his home, is kept busy boxing every week by Larney Lichenstein. Goozeman is the greatest attraction in the Middle West, and always is in demand. Goozeman has boxed all the leading featherweights in the Middle West and his manager is planning to bring him to the East this summer to secure a match with Dundee for the featherweight title.

Sully Montgomery, local heavyweight, got away with a good start last month when he knocked out Mike Burke of Detroit in four rounds and Jack McCarty in two. Montgomery will be seen in action again this month in Aurora.

Morrie King, St. Louis 122 pounder who made a big hit on the coast, will soon come to Chicago and will be handled by Montgomery. On the coast King won all of his fights. Mullen will use King with Burman for his first start around here.

Bud Taylor, Terre Haute bantamweight contender and Connie Currie, Sioux City flash boxed a fast ten round draw at Aurora, Ill., on May 26. Currie showed fine speed for ten rounds which offset Taylor's aggressiveness. The first two rounds went to Currie and the next three rounds to Taylor. The sixth Currie won and the last four rounds were even. The other ten round bout on the same card, Joey O'Hara and Anthony Downey, was full of action with O'Hara the winner.

Jim Mullen, matchmaker for the Aurora club, announces that he will run a show every Friday night. The Taylor and Currie fight drew an $8,200 house in spite of threatening weather. Mullen is trying to sign Sammy Mandell and Charlie White for a ten round bout this month.



Nick Di Sylvester, A. A. U. bantamweight champion got a good start in his first professional fight in Aurora, when he held Tommy Herman to a four round draw. Di Sylvester has the makings of a good boy in one year's time, if he is handled right.

East Chicago will soon open its base ball park for open air fights. The first bout will be Sammy Mandell and Johnny Dundee. It will be their first show in four years.

Joe Burman, Chicago's best bantamweight returned from the coast where he engaged in a four round bout with Dick Griffen, which went to a draw. Burman is again in training for a busy summer, which will lead him into a match with Abe Goldstein. Jim Mullen is going to use Burman against Ernie Goozeman, Bud Taylor, Herbie Schallfer, George Butch and Harold Smith, before the summer is over.

ATLANTA, GA., FISTIC NEWS
By COLEMAN McGRILL

Young Stribling again showed to a capacity house when he earned the decision over Dan O'Dowd, New England light-heavy in ten rounds. Baby Stribling, youngest member of the famous family, also showed on the same card; the youngster held Mutt Griffin even.

Pa Stribling sure is keeping his son busy. Pa is getting so many offers for the battler that he is compelled to turn most of them down on account of being unable to make train connections. The elder Stribling stated to the writer that he will only accept bouts from promoters who offer $5,000 or over. Recently a promoter in Texas wired Stribling an offer of $500. Stribling wired the Texas "Tex Rickard" in reply to his offer: "Will you pay hotel expense?" We don't know whether the promoter replied or not.

Lew Silver, the little Dentist Fighter, who has been out of the ring game since February 15 on account of illness, is now well

Jim Mullen Eddie McGoorty

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again. His manager Max Abelson has him booked in several southern cities. His first showing will be in Havana, Cuba, where he is scheduled to meet Juan Casala in a scheduled twelve-round bout.

Silver, who is by far the best boy around these parts at his weight, is a credit to the game. His personality outside the ring, combined with his fighting ability, makes him a tremendous drawing attraction wherever he shows.

Larry Avera, Southern champion junior welter, finds it rather hard to get boys of his poundage to meet him. The blond Irishman is now taking a rest after a hard campaign. Manage Billy Lotz expects to get the battler started shortly. Avera is one of the cleverest performers in the ring and should hold his own with the best of them. Larry is after Pinkie Mitchel for the junior welter title.

Walk Miller, hustling manager of Tiger Flowers, colored middleweight, is keeping his black ace going at a dizzy pace. Miller recently contracted with the Commonwealth Club of N. Y. for four fights for the Tiger, Flowers getting away with three referee decisions and scoring a knockout in the last one; Flowers' victims were Lee Anderson, Jimmy Darcey, Ted Jamieson, and Willie Walker.

Tim O'Dowd, junior featherweight is anxious to meet Lukie Tenner in a return bout. O'Dowd recently lost a close decision to Lukie in a slow and uninteresting bout, O'Dowd claiming that he was ill and unable to be at his best.

Tenner and O'Dowd both claim the Southern featherweight title, Antonio Valdez lost a decision to Tim O'Dowd. The Cuban in turn defeated Tenner. Tenner later defeated O'Dowd. Then again Lew Mayers, of Baltimore, defeated Tenner in his next go, and now everybody is claiming the Southern feather title. In the meantime, Lew Silver, who is by far the best one of the lot of feathers, is sitting steady and winning all his bouts against tough opposition.

The Stribling-Dan O'Dowd fight drew a gate of $10,000. The fight was rather tame, and the majority of the crowd did not approve of the tactics of both boxers. They did not put up their best effort, although Stribling won hands down.

Bobby Dillon, hustling little manager of Philadelphia, was a recent visitor here; Dillon showed his "Cave Man" Joe Ritchie against Tim O'Dowd in a no-decision bout. Dillon is trying to match his sterling little bantam, Chick Kansas, against some of the southern fighters. Kansas should have no trouble in beating the boys around these parts, as he is a great little battler.

Johnny "Kid" Nappie, worked overtime in the recent Stribling-O'Dowd fight; Nappie hustles THE RING at each fight, and he underestimated the demand for the valuable booklet. Nappie stated he won't run short the next time.

Billy McGowan, local light-heavy also showed on the same card. McGowan defeated Harry Krohn, Akron, Ohio, light-heavy in ten rounds; the fight was crowded with action, both boys going at top speed all the way.

"Dick Leonard is going well in bouts in the South. On April 26th he fought "Boots" Antley, a 10-round draw. On April 4, he motored over to Brunswick, Ga., and KO'd "Kid" Bartlett, of Charleston in 3 rounds, on May 16th Dick fought Artie McCann a draw in Tampa, Fla. Dick Leonard, through his brother manager, has several hot fights in view.

LOUISIANA NOTES
By CLIFF ABBO
(New Orleans Sporting Bulletin)

Heralded for months as the Southern welterweight champion, Eastern fight fans have taken little cognizance of Tommy Freeman, Hot Springs Irishman. His sequence of victories over boys in this section elicited only passing notice, but Freeman came into his own in New Orleans on June 2, 1924, and now he is being acclaimed one of the most threatening menaces on the path of Mickey Walker, the welterweight champion.

Endowed with superlative courage, Freeman crashed his way to a decisive victory over Pinkie Mitchell, recognized junior welterweight champion, in a fifteen round bout. It was a referee's decision, but Freeman's great victory was substantiated by a unanimous press. Four local sporting editors awarded Freeman the decision and there are only four newspapers in New Orleans. Will Hamilton, dean of local sport scribes, said: "Freeman beat Mitchell as far as you can shoot a rifle ball." Bill Keefe, in the Times-Picayune, gave Mitchell only three rounds of the fifteen.

Freeman carried the fight to Mitchell from the outset and had the champion resorting to a monotonous series of clinches, which somewhat irritated the large audience in attendance. From where the writer sat at ringside, Freeman had nine of the fifteen rounds to his credit, with two even and four to Mitchell. It was about as complete a win as one would care to witness.

The Hot Springs Irishman is just twenty years of age, reaching maturity in January. He has engaged in forty-seven battles to date, winning nineteen decisions, scoring eighteen knockouts, losing four and engaging in six draws. He is managed by his uncle, Bob Sangster, one of the cleanest-cut managers in the business, and it now appears that this happy combination is on the road to big money. A return match with Mitchell in Milwaukee has been offered Freeman, and a ten-rounder with Nate Goldman in Philadelphia. Other offers poured in from all over the South following the Mitchell defeat.

Other men whom Freeman has defeated in his ring career are: Johnny Tillman, Frankie Murphy, Johnny Shea, Dude Martinez, Jimmy Finley, Red Hill and a host of others. Freeman's next start will be in Memphis. He then hies to Louisville and from there to Cleveland and Chicago. He will hit Philadelphia around August to fulfill engagements there, probably heading to New York for proper introduction.

Red Hill, hard-hitting middleweight, who has scored knockouts over Dude Martinez and some twenty others in thirty-five starts, engaged in the first test for Southern middleweight honors on June 6 when he fought Anthony Downey of Cincinnati. Hill is now under the management of Doc Paul Schaefer, who is responsible for the sensational rise of Young Marullo in the local ring.

Hill comes nearer to being the replica of Happy Littleton than any other fighter developed in the Crescent City, and under the guidance of Doc Schaefer is almost certain to be heard from in a short time. Promoters here are considering Tommy Robson, Young Fisher, Dave Rosenberg and others as the next opponent for Hill.

Joe Matranga, who had a jaunt East recently, where he established a record for acquiring managers, surprised the local fistic populace recently when he gave Basil Galiano a tough fifteen round fight, losing the decision by a close margin. Galiano has a draw with Dundee to his credit and wins over Joe Welling and a host of others. He was a 3 to 1 shot over Matranga and were it not for a late start, it was opined that Matranga would have scored a knockout. He outfought Galiano in the three closing rounds and in defeat was more popular than the victor.

Matranga followed this sensational performance with a great battle against Al Wolgast, brother of the famous Ad., who made his debut here on June 16. Matranga probably will start in a mammoth fistic attraction on July 4 against Basil Galiano in a return match.

Young Marullo continued his string of wins when he won the decision over Lew Diamond's Jersey City light heavyweight, Ray Neumann, in a fifteen round bout. The bout broke Marullo's consecutive string of knockouts, which numbered nine, but Neumann was a badly battered fighter at the conclusion. Marullo broke his right hand in this bout and probably will not go to the post for some time.

Lenny Elmer, matchmaker of the Young Men's Gymnasium Club, has a personal representative in the East negotiating with the managers of Paul Berlenbach and Jack Delaney in the hope of luring this pair of fighters here for future matches with Marullo. The plan is to stage three windup bouts on the afternoon of July 4.

Johnny Buff, former bantamweight and flyweight champion, is still a great attraction in New Orleans and is wanted here by several promoters for future battles with Pascal Coletti, Kid Carlin, Charley Rodriguez and others. Lew Diamond's little champ got his start in New Orleans and the fans here like his style.

Charlie Rodreguez is one of the latest rages in the featherweight division, recently graduating into that class. He is ex-amateur bantamweight champion and is managed by Dutz Moret, former fighter. Moret also has another comer in Louie Hill, who has scored eleven knockouts in twelve starts. Louie is a brother of Red Hill and weighs 168 pounds.

Charlie Feraci, 133 pounder under the management of Adam Serpas, held Eddie Brady of New York to a fifteen round draw recently and following this up with a knockout victory over Kid Boggy in Memphis. Feraci is one of the classiest lightweights around here and is finding much difficulty in getting opponents. He is shortly to invade the East where he won three decisions last year.

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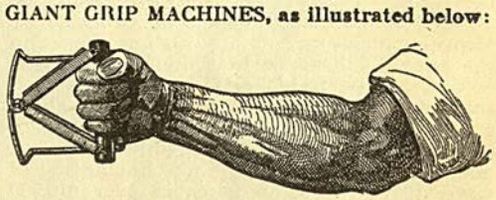

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THE RING

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Basil Galiano, Southern lightweight champion, seems to be resting on his laurels. He has been willing to start, but getting opponents for him has been most difficult. Andy Chaney, Jimmy Goodrich, Bud Christiano and others have been sought, but either they have other engagements or terms are too high. It is probable that Red Walsh, his manager, will start him in Philly soon against Alex Hart.

Boxing is gaining in interest in the summer resorts near New Orleans, weekly boxing shows being staged in Bay St. Louis, Biloxi and Ocean Springs, all Mississippi coast towns. They are only drawing small houses at present, but many of the boys around New Orleans who cannot obtain bouts here find the going profitable.

Dutch Crozier, Brookie Stevens, Erbie Moak and one or two others are holding the calcium around Baton Rouge, the state capital, where the game is going fairly good at present due to the legislature being in session.

Sammy Pizzitola, Martin Scambria, Bobby Higgins are a few of the promising lighter boys in New Orleans drawing the attention of the promoters. These lads are good cards here and are to be found regularly on the weekly cards.

Martin Burke, local Irish light heavyweight, is now in Cleveland where he is working at Jimmy Dunn's gymnasium. He fought Harry Greb on June 9 and is said to be lined up for plenty of work around the Indian City. He plans a trip to Buenos Aires this fall, where he will take a flier with some of the South American near greats.

Eddie McKenna, little bantamweight who is living in New Orleans, is establishing a record for fighting champions. He met and won a newspaper decision over Joe Lynch here just before Lynch lost the title to Abe Goldstein. He followed this up with a twelve round bout with Pancho Villa in Cleveland and was matched with Frankie Genaro in Detroit on June 6 but Genaro had the match postponed until a later date. Eddie says when he finishes with Genaro he will be ready for Dundee at the featherweight limit.

Red Walsh, who developed Pete Herman and piloted him to the bantamweight championship, also successful for the rise of Basil Galiano, has added another promising youngster to his stable. He is Joe Lewis of Baton Rouge, the latter having won fourteen fights to date, scoring eight knockouts. Lewis is a lightweight and a great two-handed fighter. Under Walsh's tutelage he figures to rise to ring prominence.

NEW ENGLAND GOSSIP
By COLMAN J. NEE

As is the case in nearly every line of endeavor at present, boxing and the business pertaining to boxing is in a very quiet state. Business conditions are held accountable by some for this state of affairs, but those "in the know" will argue that the promoters of boxing are partly to blame. Their guarantees to boxers of large sums of the "long green" when said boxers are afraid to take a chance on their drawing ability, is what makes the promoters think boxing's "all done." When a club takes in over $10,000 and then finishes with a deficit it's time to call in an efficiency expert.

The Suffolk A. C. has secured an option on Braves Field, the National League Park in Boston, with a seating capacity of 30,000. The club matchmaker, Tom Goodwin, intends to stage nine shows there this summer. The card for his first outdoor effort has for principals Jock Malone and Frank Moody, the heavy-hitting Englishman, fresh from his sensational K. O. of the iron man, Lou Bogash.

The Abe Goldstein-Johnny Sheppard bout attracted a record crowd, which is not surprising as the fans wanted to get a peek at Champ Abe, who, by the way, was entitled to a draw at least. His left jab found a resting place on Sheppard's face throughout the ten rounds. As for Johnny, he fought his usual spectacular battle. He bored in and swung his fists like flails. He is endowed with great strength and gameness, but to the non-partisan observer at ringside. Goldstein gave a great exhibition of blocking and of slipping punches, and was by far the cooler. The men fought at catch weights and Johnny's weight confirmed what the writer said in these columns months ago, that he is not a bantam. Willie Lewis, the astute mentor of Abe, gave the locals a few points on how to handle a boxer of class.

The Casino A. C. of Lynn have completed arrangements with the General Electric Company for the use of the latter's field, where they intend to stage their weekly shows. This field, lighted with 3,000 high powered arc lights, is an ideal spot to stage outdoor boxing matches. Jack Murphy, the matchmaker of this club, has done much for boxing in the Shoe City.

The Eddie Shevlin-Tansey Norton bout was a torrid affair while it lasted. For three rounds Norton more than held his own with the "old man," but three terrific body blows in the fourth round sent him down and out. Norton was a former sparring partner of Shevlin's, but quit and challenged his "teacher," with dire results.

Four days later Shevlin met and defeated Eddie Burnbrook at Pittsburgh, taking eight out of ten rounds. Not bad for an old-timer in the "swim" for fifteen years. With the defeat of Norton to his credit he stands supreme in New England.

Fank Moody, the most talked of boxer hereabouts, defeated crafty George Robinson at the Casino A. C. in Fall River before one of the largest crowds ever to assemble at a boxing match in that city. Moody won the decision by a wide margin. Robinson refused to open up and fight, knowing full well that Moody carries the old "TNT" in either glove. But to Robinson's credit it must be admitted that he never passes up the tough ones.

Buddy Clark, the Salem boxer who has quite a K. O. record, advertised in a local daily for a manager and was nearly swamped with applicants for the job. Johnny Mooney, long and favorably known in the boxing game here and elsewhere, will pilot Buddy from now on.

Bat McCreary, Alec McLean's tar baby, who defeated Kid Norfolk here last fall, is cutting down all the opposition hereabouts. Alec would like nothing better than to start Bat against Harry Wills.

Eddie Polo, the Maine Flash, who defeated Nat Pincus here in a sensational bout, is claiming the New England flyweight title. He is being groomed by Al Delmont, one of the very best in his day.

Fred Wiederhold announces that from now on his star bantam, Tommy Nee, will positively box no one but bantams. Nee is the only boxer in New England who has defeated Johnny Sheppard. In over 100 contests throughout New England Tommy has yet to meet defeat at the legitimate bantam weight limit, 118 pounds.

It would be a very good idea on the part of the boxing commission in Massachusetts to keep a record of the legitimate weight of boxers holding a license in this state. The way matters stand now boxers who are scheduled to box weigh in in the afternoon of the contest and notwithstanding a difference of sometimes 8 or 10 pounds are allowed to box. Weights are announced from the ring which challenge the intelligence of the fans. Such announcements are usually greeted by an anvil chorus.

There is talk of matching Pascal Coletti, conqueror of Pal Moore and Kid Pancho, in a bout with Indian Russell here. Coletti is former amateur bantamweight champion and appeared in the finals in Boston three years ago.

Dude Martinez has practically retired after his defeat at the hands of Louie Hill. It marks the passing of what promised to be a great middleweight. A weak jaw seemed to be Dude's greatest trouble.

Local fight managers seem to resent the practice of certain New York managers announcing in the columns of the Eastern papers, especially New York, that they are handling certain New Orleans fighters. This was notable in the instance when Sammy Goldman announced that he was handling Young Marullo, who is under contract to Dr. Paul Schaefer.

There was a general idea prevalent that the Mitchell brothers, Pinkie and Billy, were disturbers and that there would be trouble here when Mitchell fought Freeman. Local fans, after, seeing both of these men here, believe the report greatly exaggerated. They found Billy and Pinkie two real affable fellows. They made many friends while in the Crescent City.

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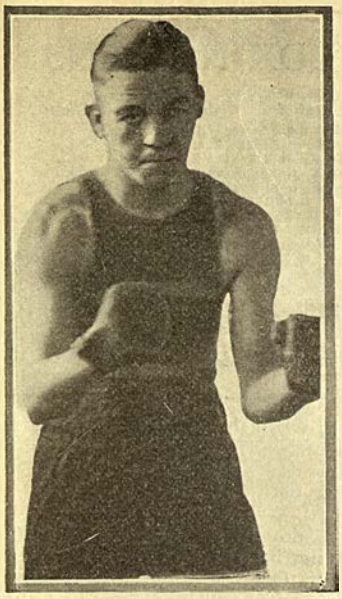
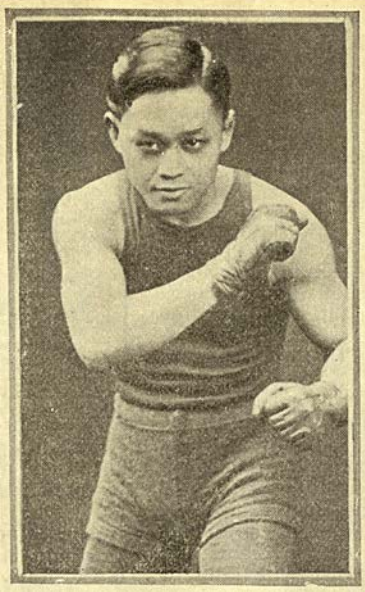
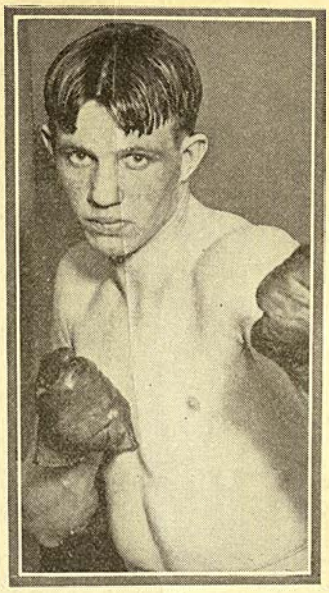


Al Pettingill, claimant to the southern flyweight crown, now residing in Gotham, and seeking trouble with the men in his class.

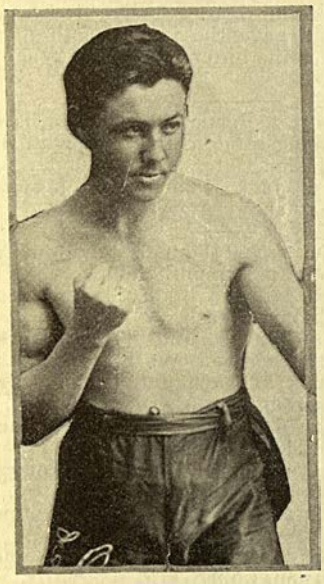


Young Dencio, Filipino flyweight, who is doing good fistic work around Boston, and is in popular demand around that section.

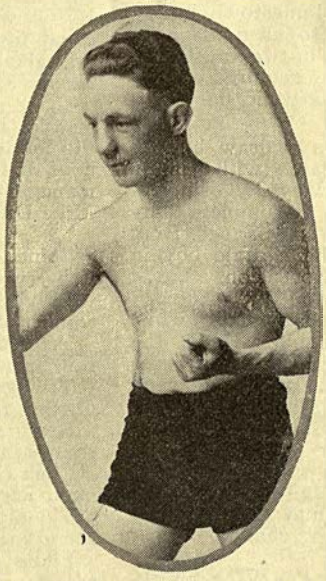


Joe O'Hara, mid-western representative in the welter class, who is only a youngster and improving in each start.

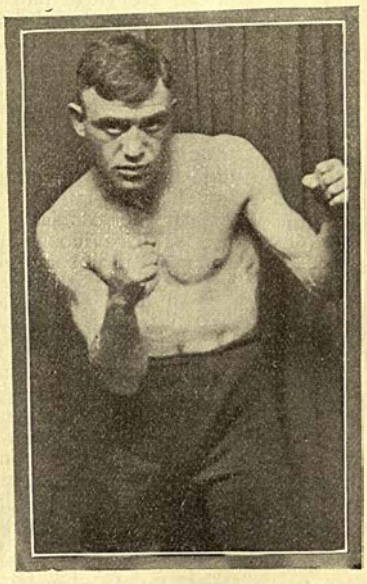
Pascal Colletti, New Orleans bantamweight,



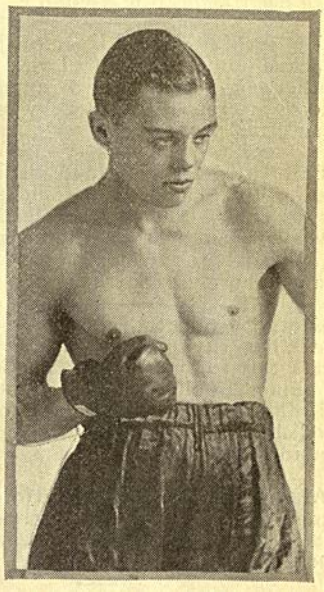
Eddie O'Dowd, of Columbus, Ohio, who has been waiting for a crack at the bantam crown held by Abe Goldstein for some time.



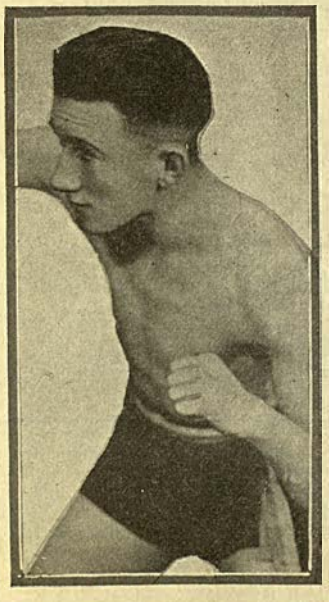
Jabez White, Buffalo's sturdy bantamweight, who is a veteran of fourteen years in the roped arena, and is going strong as ever.



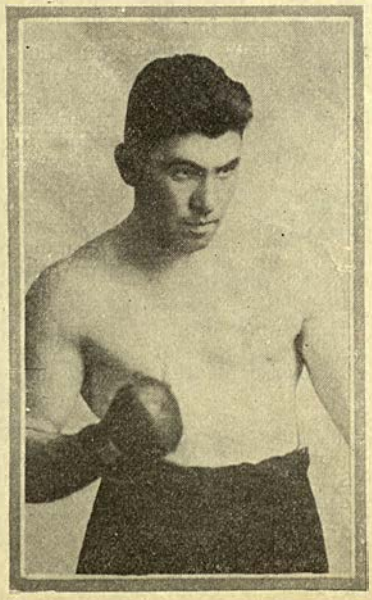
George Butch, one of the bantam crop around Chicago, who has fought and held his own with the leaders of his division.



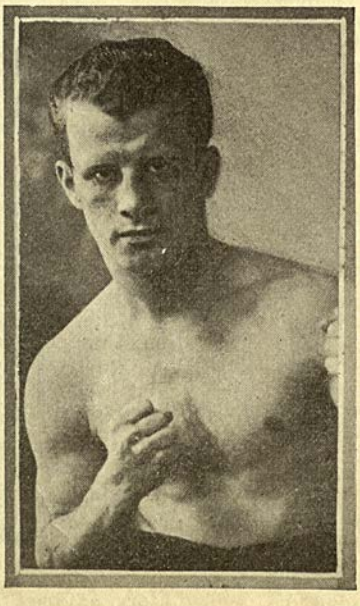
Tod Morgan, featherweight champion of the Northwest, and said by many critics to have a good chance of overthrowing Johnny Dundee.



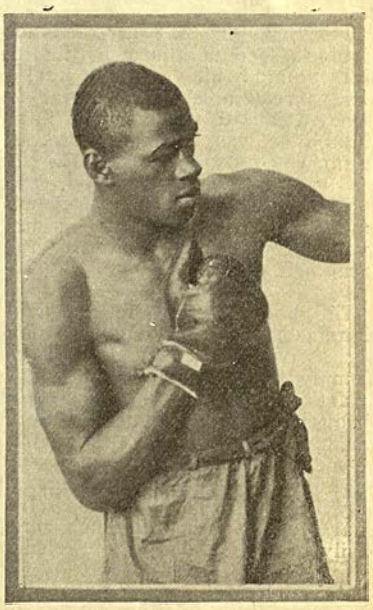
Al Zeimer, protege of ex-champion Johnny Kilbane. Al is cleaning up all comers around Ohio.



Harold Abbott, Rockaway Beach middleweight.



Jack Doyle, crack Irish flyweight from New Orleans, who is under the management of Johnny Fisse.



Larry Estridge, the "Black Stanley Ketchell," who has considerable trouble in obtaining opponents.

FROM TERRE HAUTE AND INDIANA

By HARRY L. AIN

Before a capacity crowd at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indianapolis on May 22. Eddie Dyer of Terre Haute, decisively defeated Red McDonald, rugged Toledo featherweight in a ten round bout. The first three rounds were about even, but then it seemed that McDonald weakened and Dyer led all the way to the finish.

Merle Alte, local featherweight, staged a comeback and knocked out Jackie Dugan a tough lad who hails from Louisville, Ky. Alte was knocked kicking a few months ago by Sammy Sandow of Cincy. It took Alte three rounds to polish off Dugan, the latter being a pretty tough customer. In the opener, Billy Long, Terre Haute bantamweight, went ten rounds to a draw with Happy Atherton of Indianapolis. Billy Long would have been a sensation in the bantam division had it not been for his eyes.

On May 22 at Fort Wayne, Ray Hahn, Indianapolis lightweight, defeated Jackie Warner of Cincinnati. In the semi-final Reamer Roberts, promising bantam of Indianapolis, knocked out Vic Ross of Cincinnati in the fifth round of what was to have been a ten round bout.

On April 29, Eddie Dyer of Terre Haute, knocked out Bennie Levy, Pittsburgh featherweight in the third round with a terrific right cross that had Levy out for a half hour after the bell.

Bud Taylor, Terre Haute aspirant for the feather title, had to do some stiff training for his bout with Pete Saremento which was to have been held at Andrew's Auditorium at Milwaukee, only to have it called off by Frank Churchill, Sacramento's Manager.

George Gramel, local Terre Haute promoter has Taylor signed up for two outdoor fights this summer. He is making an effort to obtain Bobby Wolgast, Eddie (Cannonball) Martin, Phil Rosenberg or any other good bantam who could give the fans a run for their money.

At a show staged at Hartford City, Ind., Bennie Levy, Pittsburgh featherweight, was put to sleep in the third stanza by Eddie Dyer of Terre Haute.

Before a capacity crowd at Indianapolis on May 22, Roy Wallace, Indianapolis middleweight, shaded Patsy Rocco of Chicago in ten rounds. Reamer Roberts, Indianapolis bantam, outpointed Bat Stewart of Joplin, Mo., and Allen Watson scored a K. O. over Jackie Cobble of Terre Haute. Why Cobble's seconds threw in the towel in the sixth round which was the final frame, will always remain a mystery. Jackie had only about a minute to go to the final gong and though he was getting the worst of it was in no way near in danger of a K. O.

Steve Harter lost over $2,000 when he was forced to postpone his open air show the evening before the speedway races at the local ball park.

The bouts were held the next night at Tomlinson Hall before a crowd not half as big as was expected. Bud Taylor shaded Tommy Ryan of McKeesport in ten rounds of action that kept the crowd standing up all through the fight. It took Bud a long time for him to get to Ryan but when he did he made up for all he lost. A return match ought to settle the argument and should play before a crowded house. In the semi-final Jeff Smith, Bayonne middleweight, easily beat Joe Lohman of Toledo, Ohio.

Maxie Epstein of Indianapolis is ready for faster company and should give some of the older boys in the ring plenty to do.

Taylor will carry plenty of Indiana money that he wins by a knockout, so confident are the fans here that he will win the title when he faces Goldstein this summer.

UPPER NEW YORK STATE NEWS

By Len Carlson.

At Corry, Pa., on April 30 the judges favored Pete Cannal over K. O. Johnny Michaels despite the fact that many fans thought a draw was the worst the Jamestown boxer should have received. The fight was a slashing one throughout and the promoters have tried to rematch the boys for a return engagement but Cannal has a way out of it. He asserts that Corry could not pay enough.

On the same card at Corry, Emil Lundberg won his third straight knockout by putting Freddie Russo of Youngstown to sleep in the third round of a scheduled six round match. Andy Raymond and Carl Rourke of Corry fought a draw in one of the preliminaries while Tony Brown of Falconer send Wildcat Altman of Corry into the land of dreams in the first period.

K. O. Johnny Michaels surprised the boxing fans in Marion, O., on May 21 when he fought Johnny Horvath 12 fast rounds to draw. Horvath had been winning regularly until he fought the Jamestown boxer. He had all he could do to earn an even break then. Horvath came in two and three-quarters of a pound over the required poundage but the Jamestown boxer did not claim his forfeit.

Louis Gravino was given a draw by the judges in his 10-round match with Jimmy Cauvel at Corry, Pa., on May 29. The verdict of the officials was a complete surprise as Gravino hammered Cauvel from corner to corner having the Buffalo boy in distress on more than one occasion.

Gravino finished without a mark while Cauvel was a mighty pummelled lad at the end of the match. The verdict was a great surprise to Cauvel himself who remarked to Gravino in the dressing room after the fray that the Montreal boxer was robbed. Such decisions will never do a city any good and the writer would suggest that the officials tune up a bit in judging future boxing contests or they will find it difficult in getting outsiders to take a chance.

Emil Lundberg, 111, and Pee Wee Smith, 111, (colored) fought a fast and interesting six round draw in the semi-final. The match was the classiest between little fellows staged in this part of the country to date.

In the preliminaries of the Corry card on May 29, Frank Boyd and Jack Dewey fought it out from bell to bell to a draw while Tony Brown was disqualified in the fifth round for hitting Young Sharkey the rabbit blow which is prohibited. Up to the disqualification, Brown was clear and nothing but a kayo could have lost the match for him.

COAST NOTES

By JOE WATERMAN

Dode Bercot made quite a hit up Los Angeles way recently when he fought Joe Lymann in the semi-final to the Billy Wells-Johnny O'Donnell bout. He outboxed and outgamed his rival and won every round of the bout. He was given a rousing ovation when he left the ring.

Jack Connor's leather-pushing crew has been increased with the arrival of Jimmy "Kid" Cotton, veteran Syracuse, N. Y., featherweight, who has been sojourning in the Southland. Cotton recently defeated Frankie Carter.

Tod Morgan, Coast featherweight, is taking a month's vacation with his father in the hills at Eureka, Calif., before returning here. Morgan is out of the ring for some time with a broken hand. He sustained the injury in his recent battle with Stewart McLean.

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Abe Martin, doughty little manager of Portland, is trying hard to get some work for his welterweight, Georgie Lavigne. George is a classy boy and should beat some of the boys here.

Harry Soo scored another kayo, his second straight, when he hung a perfect right on the chin of "Mish" Smith, who at the time of the K. O. was licking Harry badly. It was a great fight and gave the fans something to talk about after the bitter pill of the Yeager-Keeler affair.

Mike Depinto, a Portland youngster, is in the South seeking some fistic action with the boys of the Golden Gate. Mike is under the management of Jack Kanner, who brought Mike Dundee to show his wares.

Some of the recent bouts staged on the Coast within the past month follow:

Billy Griffith defeated Eddie Shelton, four rounds, at Tacoma, Wash.

Ted Krache knocked out Travie Davis, third round, at Aberdeen, Wash.

Truman Davis knocked out Tommy McCarthy, fourth round, at Aberdeen, Wash.

Kewpie Riley defeated Billy Dunlap, four rounds, at Aberdeen, Wash.

Chub Crawford knocked out Herb Zimmerman, first round, at Aberdeen, Wash.

Eldon Elliott and Bill Shields boxed four rounds to a draw at Aberdeen, Wash.

Eddie Mack defeated Ruby Lavine, four rounds, at Vernon, Calif.

Young Datto and Johnny Lamar boxed four rounds to a draw at Vernon, Calif.

Spug Myers defeated Gene Delmont, four rounds, at Los Angeles, Calif.

Floyd Glotzbach knocked out Billy Farrell, first round, at San Francisco, Calif.

Johnny Fugate defeated Roy Sutherland, four rounds, at Tacoma, Wash.

Young Jack Dempsey knocked out Ivan Karloff, first round, at Tacoma, Wash.

Jack Reeves and Ray Pelkey boxed four rounds to a draw at Oakland, Calif.

Stewart McLean defeated Mike DePinto, four rounds, at Oakland, Calif.

Pal Hardy defeated Young Salee, four rounds, at San Bernardino, Calif.

Johnny Adams defeated "Mushy" Callahan, four rounds, at Hollywood, Calif.

Mason Griffin and Gene Cline boxed four rounds to a draw at San Jose, Calif.

Eddie St. Claire knocked out Billy Mulcahy, third round, at San Jose, Calif.

Archie Walker defeated Teddy O'Hara, four rounds, at Oakland, Calif.

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Jimmy McLarnin knocked out Abie Gordon, second round, at Oakland, Calif.

Fred Sullivan defeated Franal Ruffles, four rounds, at Oakland, Calif.

Young Carmen and Mike O'Leary boxed six rounds to a draw at Tacoma, Wash.

Richie Davis defeated Jack Griffin, six rounds, at Tacoma, Wash.

Eddie Anderson defeated Jack Spencer, four rounds, at Venice, Calif.

Larry Murphy defeated Billy Young, four rounds, at San Pedro, Calif.

"Hank" Roberts and Tim Callaghan boxed four rounds to a draw at San Jose, Calif.

Eddie Burns knocked out Sammy O'Day, second round, at San Jose, Calif.

"Lanky" Eddie Trembly knocked out Sailor Hoffman, fourth round, at Hollywood.

Sailor Akol defeated Frankie Novey, four rounds, at Hollywood, Calif.

Young Gomez knocked out Sailor Marat, fourth round, at Hollywood, Calif.

Jack O'Dare defeated Johnny Thompson, four rounds, at Oakland, Calif.

"Trench" King defeated Billy Harold, four rounds, at Oakland, Calif.

"Happy" Carlson knocked out Eddie Garcia, second round, at San Jose, Calif.

Frank Predough knocked out Al Robinson, second round, at San Jose, Calif.

Floyd Glotzbach knocked out Dan Gallagher, first round, at San Jose, Calif.

Jack Russo defeated Johnny Weber, four rounds, at San Bernardino, Calif.

Jimmy Powell and Young Farrell boxed four rounds to a draw at San Bernardino, Calif.

Billy Wells won on a foul from Bert Colima in the second round at Vernon, Calif.

Billy Hart defeated Sailor Dan Toomy, four rounds, at Hollywood, Calif.

Sailor Richey King defeated "Kid" Louis, four rounds, at Hollywood, Calif.

Sailor Hector defeated Tom Kelly, four rounds, at Hollywood, Calif.

MICHIGAN BOXING NEWS
By BEN L. POLLINGER

In a fast and furious ten-round bout that had a packed arena in a frenzy, Sid Barbarian fought a slashing ten-round draw with Ray Mitchell, of Philadelphia.

The boy from Philly gave the Michigan lightweight a few lessons in boxing as he landed many solid blows to Barbarian's face. Mitchell fought a clever battle as he solved his opponent's southpaw style. It was a lightweight battle seldom seen in this section. Both boys battled toe to toe for the first five rounds when it appeared that Mitchell was tiring. This tiring stuff was just a ruse of the Eastern battler, who gave Leonard's chief contender a real fight. In the ninth and tenth rounds Sid tried to rally his strength together in a vain effort to beat Mitchell, but it was all in vain as his start was too late.

Fans declare this fight to be one of the cleanest they have witnessed in a long while. This writer, after witnessing this battle, declares it better than the one Irish Patsy Cline put up against Ritchie Mitchell here some years ago.

Bob Sage, the lawyer-fighter, staged a sensational come-back when he knocked out Norman Genet, of Akron, Ohio, in the seventh round of their scheduled ten-round bout, which was the semi-final.

Genet, from the start of the mill, was outclassed by the Detroiter who was fast piling up points. In the sixth round, a left hook to Genet's face knocked him half way out of the ring. In the seventh round his seconds, seeing their man could not continue the uneven fight, threw in the towel.

With the winning of this fight, Sage has gained the confidence of the fans who turned against him when he was beaten in New Orleans some months ago.

Clarence Rosen, bantamweight, expects to start fighting again. Rosen is working out every day in the Grand River Avenue gym. Al Werbe, his pilot, expects to close a bout with Pete Zivic in a few days. The fight to take place in Pittsburgh.

Kid Jap added another win to his long list when he defeated Billy Shaw, of Toronto, in the main attraction of the Fairview Gardens show last month. Jap got away to a bad start, but as the bout progressed he started in beating the Canadian to a frazzle having him in a bad way in several stages of the hectic battle.

Morris Bratt, brother of Sammy Bratt, who fought many times for the Elks' show, has taken to the ring to make his fortune. Bratt, in his gym workouts, shows he needs plenty of stiff training and the guidance of a good manager who knows the ins and outs of the squared circle.

Leslie Meltzer, former amateur flyweight, will soon start in the pro ranks. Meltzer formerly held the state amateur flyweight crown. In the amateur ranks he made a fine showing, beating some of the best little boys who were pitted against him.

Detroit was well represented at the ringside when Georges Carpentier met Tommy Gibbons in Michigan City May 31. This writer was at the ringside when the fighters were called into the center for final instructions.

Among those who helped Georges Carpentier train for the Tommy Gibbons fight was Soldier King of Grand Rapids. King, who has fought in this State many times, was a valuable asset to the Frenchman.

Boxing in Michigan is on the wane as the summer months approach. In the past eight months many good fights were held in this State, some of the best ringsters having their fling here. Among them being Harry Greb, Joe White, and a host of other good boys.

The most noted fighter to make his appearance in Detroit was "Young" Stribling, who fought Tommy Burns in a ten-round bout. Stribling, in his scrap here, gave the fans a run for their money.

NEW JERSEY NEWS
By LEW DIAMOND

The open-air boxing season is here. The West New York Playgrounds, the largest of the fight factories, opened June 13. Silvy Burns is the matchmaker of the arena and will stage only the best bouts, and the Jersey fans will see the top-notchers of the country at the West New York Playgrounds.

Joey Ross, Hoboken's little flyweight favorite, is fighting in great form. He won his last eight bouts.

Billy White, Jersey City's contender for the lightweight crown, has left this city for Canada where he will be kept busy with bouts for the next three months. Billy, who has been laid up for the past six months, returned to the game and won his last two starts.

Charlie Nashart, Jersey City's leading contender for Mickey Walker's crown, has returned to this city after an absence of three months. He recently defeated Johnny Dill at the opening of the Oakland A. A. here.

Jeff Smith, the popular middleweight of Bayonne, who is making all the leading contenders sidetrack him, is anxious to meet Young Stribling. Jimmy Bronson, who handles Jeff, is hot on the trail of Stribling and will concede anything to arrange a meeting.

Skelly Lewis, Hoboken's leading featherweight, who has been improving greatly in all his bouts, has started active training at a local gymnasium. Skelley in his last start defeated Johnny Dixon. Skelley is a big favorite here and big crowds always turn out when he is on the card.

Johnny Buff, former flyweight and bantam champion, has been kept busy by his manager. Johnny defeated Frankie Demari in his last start at New Orleans recently. Buff has been matched to meet Bobby Burke at Baltimore and Kid Carlin at New Orleans. Buff has been rounding into his old-time form and will soon be in line for a crack at the flyweight title.

Frankie "Young" Dundee, of Connecticut, who is now making his home in Jersey City, is under the management of Larry Donsky, well-known handler of fistic stars.

Georgie Carbine, the little flyweight of Jersey, who has been fighting in the amateurs, will start his professional debut in the near future. Carbine has been in active training and is ready to meet any of the flyweights in this vicinity. He prefers a crack at Do Do Jackson, whom he thinks he can defeat decisively.

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HOT SHOTS FROM MEXICO

By Our Mexico Correspondent

All hail the new Champion! TOMMY WHITE, who has been the lightweight champion of the Republic of Mexico since June, 1923, recently acquired the welterweight and middleweight championships of Mexico also, some accomplishment for a legitimate lightweight, we claim.

Perhaps my readers will think "White" did not accomplish so much after all, when he won the welterweight and middleweight championships of Mexico, but we will claim right here, and will sing it long and loud, that the men Tommy White beat in Mexico, are as good or better fighters, than the so-called South American and Chile champs.

In June 1923, Tommy White, who is strong at 135 pounds five hours before his contests, made 132 ringside and won a twenty-round decision over Joe Brown of California, for the lightweight championship of Mexico. This bout was before the Mexico National Boxing Commission of Mexico City, Mexico, and was advertised for the lightweight championship.

In August 1923, Tommy White again proved his worth when he knocked out Jimmy Dundee of New York (now of Mexico City) for the welterweight title of Mexico. White weighed 137 pounds ringside for the match and Dundee 148. Jimmy Dundee, of Mexico City, is the one who fought the longest finished fight under the Marquis of Queensberry rules. Jimmy Dundee and Mercedes Montez (then of San Antonio, Texas) fought fifty-three rounds with five-ounce gloves in Mexico City during the Summer of 1922. Since then, finished fights have been barred in the Republic. Jimmy Dundee collapsed from exhaustion in the 53rd round of that memorable contest. Jimmy Dundee is a cousin of Johnny Dundee, the featherweight champion of the world.

Tommy White's latest championship of the Republic was gained when he won a clean cut, unquestioned decision over Vecinte Aguilar (El Cargador) at Tampico, Tamps, Mexico, for the middleweight championship of Mexico, on May 4. The fight lasted the entire fifteen rounds, but only through Aguilar's ability to take a good pasting while running away.

April 13, Tommy White knocked out Sam Rico in the eighth round of a scheduled 15-round match, on April 20, Tommy White knocked out Albrecht Koenig at Tampico in the third round and on April 27, White knocked out Kid Ledger at Tampico in the seventh round.

A telegraphic report was received in Tampico, Tamps, Mexico, on May 12 to the effect that Mike Vasquez of El Paso, Texas and Juarez, Mexico, had knocked out Frankie McFarland in the first round of a scheduled fifteen-round bout in Mexico City on May 11. Vasquez and McFarland are junior lightweights.

During the latter part of March, Jimmy Dundee and Mercedez Montez, both of Mexico City, were matched for a fight in the Mexico City Bull Ring.

The busiest boxers in Mexico at this time are Tommy White, 135-pound Campeon De La Republico; Mike Vasquez, 130 pounds; Mercedes Montez and Jimmy Dundee, welterweights; Vecinte Aguilar (El Cargador), and Kid Ledger, middleweights; Sam Rico, F. Cervantes and S. Zavala, welters, also are fighting often with good success.

Manager Don Curley claims he is ready and willing to let his protege, Tommy White, fight any lightweight in the world at 135 pounds or any boy up to 140 pounds, but will not consent to letting White weaken himself by drying out to 133 ringside.

According to reports we receive, boxing is picking up in all the Mexican and Texas border cities, as each city in Mexico, of any accountable size, has a bull ring in which to hold open air fights.

Tampico, Mexico, is chuck full of red hot boxing fans and hardy boosters of the manly art. Probably one of the hottest fans and boosters of the game in the entire Republic is little I. Rives, who is connected with the Mexican Gulf Oil Corporation, Rives is a ringsider at every fight held within going distance of Tampico and he proves a boon to the American boxers, as he is next to the Mexican custom of checking up the gate receipts.

Kid Lavigne, old-time Mexico City fighter, is at present in Tampico, Mexico. This means nothing to the present generation, but the old timers who lived in Mexico City 15 years ago or more will remember Lavigne as the king pin of the lightweight pugilistic colony there and a flashing, dazzling, scientific hard hitting fighter.

But a lot of water has run under the mill since those times. The big war came on and the kid, a big boy now, joined the British forces and served throughout the war. Then he conducted a boxing school in South America, was in California and where not after that and while enroute to Mexico City he was in a wreck recently and lost his trunk, and what baggage he carried, which made it tough on the Kid, as clothes, etc., come high in the Republic. Kid Lavigne has passed the age where he can successfully mix it with the younger generation of the prize ring, but he knows about all there is to know about boxing science and his past experience in teaching boxing should easily make a place for him in Tampico, where he can teach the present crop of future champs, the health seeker and the tired business man.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES

By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN
(The North American)

Jimmy Dougherty has been all excited ever since George Godfrey, his big colored heavyweight, knocked out Farmer Lodge. Dougherty has been camping on a Wills fight but says that he is also willing to let Godfrey meet Jack Renault or Floyd Johnson.

Johnny Mealy, the veteran Philadelphia lightweight, appears to get good with age. His latest victory was over Pedro Campo in a preliminary to the Walker-Tendler championship bout at the Phils Park.

Young Tiplitz, the South Philadelphia flyweight, has resumed training after being on the sidelines for several weeks.

Kid Beebe, veteran of more than 600 ring battles, has been putting on an amusing act with Joe Brown all through Pennsylvania. Beebe and Brown have a side-splitting knockout stunt.

Alex Hart, star lightweight in Jimmy Dougherty's stable, has been nursing an injured arm for more than a month. He was hurt training for a bout with Jimmy Sacco.

Clonie Tate, former Canadian lightweight, is now making his home in Philadelphia. He turned in a ten-round victory over Joe Reno of Trenton in a recent bout here.

Following his easy victory over Dan Gartin, Joe Tiplitz, the hard-hitting lightweight in Phil Glassman's stable, is looking for bigger matches. Tiplitz appears to have regained much of his old time snap.

Open-air bouts will continue at Shetzline Ball Park in South Philadelphia and the Phillies' Ball Park and it is rumored that Shibe Park will also be the scene of several big shows during the summer months.

Following his draw decision with Ad Stone, in which many of the papers favored him, Tommy Loughran has been besieged with offers from all parts of the country. The South Philadelphia light heavyweight, who can also scale down to the middleweight limit, is a mighty clever boxer.

Joe Kansas, after being on the sidelines for about a year, is in strict training for a

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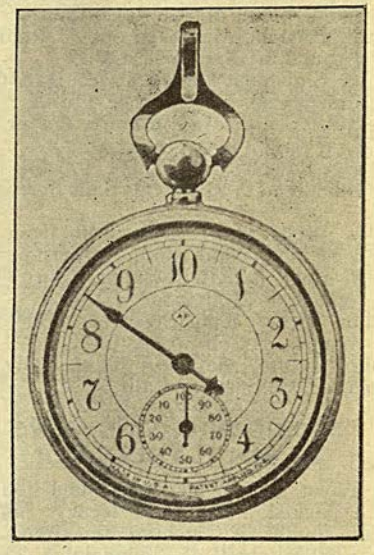

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return to the ring. His last bout was with Young Jack Gallagher and he is now after bigger game.

Tex McEwan's cut eye has improved to such an extent that he is speeding along in his training at Dougherty's camp at Ridley Park. The big fellow has several bouts in view.

A benefit was recently held for the widow and five children of Eddie McAndrews, the former Philadelphia lightweight, who was killed in an automobile accident. The benefit boxing show was conducted by Joe Kennedy, who formerly managed McAndrews.

Tom Brennan, who was laid up with a badly split lip, has started work again at William Herrmann's gymnasium and is ready to answer the bell at any time.

Billy Moore has lined up a snappy stable which includes Mickey Thomas, 118 pounds; Ray Sharkey, 130; Ray London, 105, and Eddie Britton.

Art Stigall, the colored welterweight from Cumberland, Md., has issued a sweeping defi to the boys in his class in and around Philadelphia, and has also named Joey Gans and Hicks of Allentown as two of the fighters that he would like to meet.

Max (Boo Boo) Hoff, who looks after Ad Stone, says that in the future he will not allow the former Marine to make 173 pounds as he did in his recent bout with Tommy Loughran. Hoff claims that it weakened Stone and from now on Stone will fight as a light heavyweight. In fact Hoff wants to build Ad up for the heavyweight class.

There is a general opinion in Phillie that Lew Tendler can stay the limit with any lightweight or welterweight in the world. Leonard could not put him away in two championship fights and Lew also stayed the ten-round limit with Mickey Walker and made the Elizabeth welter hustle at all times.

Billy Moore, Philadelphia's boy manager has added another boxer to his stable. His latest acquisition is Eddie Britton, a leading welterweight who hails from Baltimore, Md. Eddie has met Eddie Burnbrook, Phil Bloom, Mickey Walker, Johnny Gill and a host of first class welters.

Eddie Harmon who formerly boxed under the name of Harmony Eddie Wagond, is staging a comeback in Philadelphia. He won his first two fights by the K. O. route. Harmon has boxed Leonard, Charley White, Charley Kid Thomas in fact he met the best in his class three or four years ago and according to Eddie he thinks he can do it again.

TORONTO NOTES
By JACK JARVIS

"Young" W. L. Stribling, the Georgia schoolboy, met up with some tough opposition at the International Clubs show here recently, when the matchmaker of the above club, dug up Mike McNulty's "Iron Man" Tommy Burns. Burns, a tough, rugged boy, took all the Georgian had and kept coming all the time. He had the crowd on the backs of their chairs yelling for a K. O., when he caught Ma and Pa's favorite son with a left hook on the chin in the fourth round that dropped him.

It must have hurt for W. L. was up in a minute and at Burns like a wild man. He forced the fight for the balance of the squabble. Stribling is always welcome here, not only for his fighting ability but because of his kind consideration for the Veterans of the Great War who are laying in the Hospital unable to attend the fight.

Negotiations are on to have Stribling and Jack Reddick, the Canadian Middle and Light-heavyweight Champion, meet here in the near future. This should draw one of the biggest houses in the history of the Canadian ring, as Reddick the K. O. king has a large following here.

Chris Newton, the Canadian Junior Lightweight Champion, is going great guns right now. He is a hard boy to beat when he is right. He will be appearing in some big bouts in the near future, as his manager has a big campaign lined up for him. Chris is one of the best club fighters in the game.

Ruby Stein, the good little New York 130 pounder, will have a chance to display his fighting ability in a Canadian ring shortly, with some of the best boys at his weight in Canada. According to Stein's fights recently in and about New York, he will be a welcome addition to our fight colony.

Bobby Eber, the Canadian bantam champion, signified his return to the ring by boxing a fast ten round draw with Howard Mayberry, the Duluth bantam, at Hamilton recently. He showed that he is recovering his old form by defeating Jackie Nichols, the good little Detroit bantam. One or two more fights will put Bobby right into the form that he displayed against Midget Smith and Irish Johnny Curtin, whom he beat decisively.

In the semi-final to the Eber-Mayberry go, Seaman Smart and Wally Hopwood fought one of the most sensational fights ever witnessed in a Hamilton ring. They have been rematched for Toronto.

Frankie Bull, the Canadian lightweight champion, travelled to Buffalo and fought Floyd Hypert, the tough Buffalo junior welter, a close six round bout.

Frankie Genaro, American flyweight champion boxed Howard Mayberry the Duluth bantam, an interesting draw, before a small crowd at the Arena Gardens, May the 23d. Evidently the fight fans had a bad day at the races, as the card was deserving of better support. Genaro showed flashes of his form in spots, but his lay-off was much in evidence in the greater part of the fight.

Allan Holmes of Toronto and Bobby Hamilton of Syracuse, renewed hostilities on the semi-final, and gave the cash customers the usual action for their money.

Frankie Bull of Toronto and Chubby Brown of Rochester, fought one of the most sensational fights seen in Rochester in years. There was not an idle moment in the whole ten rounds. In the excitement, the ceiling of the balcony in Convention Hall started to drop but this failed to halt the uproar of the whole house. The pair have been rematched as this makes one win apiece. They will settle who is boss in Rochester shortly.

Jack Reddick Canada's middle and light-heavyweight champion and K. O. king, gave Kid Moose, a recent arrival from England one of the worst beatings ever seen in a western ring. Reddick outpunched, outboxed and outgeneralled Moose ten out of the twelve rounds. Only Moose's stout heart and generalship kept him on his feet in the last five rounds. Reddick floored him twice during that period of the fight. The result was never in doubt, for when this crashing fighter Reddick starts his heavy artillery, the Moose party was in a bad way.

On May the 24th at Calgary Reddick K. O.'d Billy Harms, the Coast middleweight champ, in five rounds. After harrowing Harms all over the ring with his left hand. Reddick cut loose his right and down went Harms for keeps. It took thirty minutes for his handlers to revive him.

Reddick on May the 29th stopped K. O. Williams, the Minot, N. D. Bad Man in three rounds at Estevan. This has increased the "K. O. King's" record to 20 K. O.'s in 21 fights.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES
By EDDIE McFARLAND

Charley Manty, featherweight contender from New Bedford, Mass., and Tommy Kid Murphy of this city fought a grilling ten-round draw. Three weeks previous to his battle here they had fought in Providence. Manty got the referee's decision. The award was unpopular with the fans and newspaper men, as they thought Murphy was the winner. All this lent interest to the fight, and when they fought here the club was packed to the doors.

In the semi-final to the Tendler-Walker fight at the Phillies' ball park Joe Reno of this city lost to Clonie Tait, lightweight champion of Canada in an eight-round bout.

Terry Brooks, popular featherweight of this city, who has fought Lew Paluso, Chick Kansas, Marty Harris, Billy Marlowe, Tommy Murphy and other good boys, is about to make his return to the ring under the direction of Kid Murphy. Bud Spratley, colored welterweight, who stopped Jack (Wild Man) Gould here, has also signed a contract to box under Murphy's direction.

Johnny Brennan, city flyweight champion, defended his title in the semi to the Murpy-Manty go, stopping Johnny Williams in seven rounds.

Francesco Todino, a new arrival from Italy, won his first bout in this country by stopping Jack Heddon in two rounds.

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